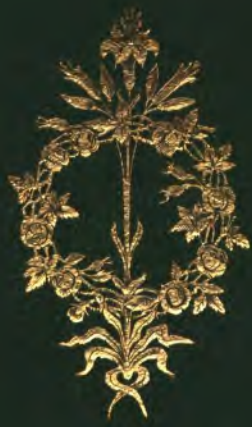

A WINDING RILL OF THOUGHT.

LONDON:
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DOCTORS' COMMONS, E.C.

A

Winding Rill of Thought,

IN RELATION TO

Nature, Providence, and Grace.

BY A LADY.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.,
STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

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PREFACE.

THE intelligent and thoughtful reader is requested to look for outlines rather than details in the leading subjects of this little volume.

Some of the topics required a deeper channel; but the Authoress has not been favoured with health or opportunity to indulge her love of research, although incidental glances at Oriental Literature have tended to accelerate the flow of thought.

With reference to features of Sacred History, or of Prophecy, which have benignly irradiated "the Widening Stream," imagination has been curbed, and the play of fancy has been repelled by a regard to literality and a fear of adding to, or diminishing the sense of Scripture.

Not without risk of appearing desultory, pieces of a very different character, written earlier in

life, and long hidden, are interspersed:—a Snow drop from a root transplanted from Herts to Devon, and a Rose blooming in December—both full of local interest—will, it is hoped, be greeted on the margin of the rill as it flows through the precincts of the tomb.

Stealing its way behind the ruins of ancient dynasties, or among the rocky heights of Arabia, or down in the excavated caverns of Palestine, may the Winding Rill be seen still flowing towards the Ocean of Truth in Jehovah's purpose, through "Christ, who is over all, God blessed for ever."

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" (Rom. xi. 33.)

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ERRATA.

Page 5, line 5, for *edge* read *hedge.*
„ 8, line 6 from foot, for *Osmanda* read *Osmunda.*
„ 17, note, for *Westbrooke* read *Westbrook.*
„ 22, note, omitted *Vol. I.* p. 205.
„ 36, line 7, a period after "alone."
„ 62, line 4 from foot of page, a comma.
„ 62, line 3 from foot of page, a period.
„ 64, last line but one, for *their* own read *thine* own.
„ 67, line 18, no stop after "see."
„ 84, line 3, a comma after "deplores."
„ 91, last line, for *Watchword* read *Watchlight.*
„ 95, line 11, a comma, not a period, after "leaves."
„ 101, line 20, for *in*bibed read *im*bibed."
„ 176, line 5 from foot of page, for presenti*men*, read presenti*ment.*

A Winding Rill of Thought.

Oh, what is like the full spring-tide of joy
Awakened by the roseate streaks of morn,
Stealing o'er hill and vale and sea-girt shores?
Blithe and alert, the husbandman goes forth
To labour, cheered by hope which gilds his lot;
Activity in nature's realm began
Far out of sight, beneath the watchful eye,
The providential and the liberal hand,
Which, in the stilly night, with dew and mist
Had mollified the hard and weedy soil,
Filling with gaseous vapour all the springs
Of vegetable life. Above his path
The buoyant lark warbles his matin hymn,
And all the tenants of the woods respond:
If simple and devout, the peasant's heart
Expands with thankfulness, and edified
By meditation he communes with God
And prays, "Increase my faith." Now thoughtful stands
The artisan, who from th' unwaken'd town
Escaped t' inhale the sweet fresh breeze of morn,
His o'ertasked vital powers to fortify
For irksome toil; and haply to confirm
Those hallowing impressions wrought within

His soul upon the previous day of rest:
"The Beauties of the Bible" has he read,
And seen them mirror'd in the eye of morn?
If in the spirit of his mind transform'd,
He spurns the "pleasant pictures" of the world,
He girds himself about with God's own truth,
And takes the shield of faith into the field
Of scepticism. Thus with elastic step
He wends his way from rosy-tinted hills;
And peaceful, fragrant vales, to meet the din
Of busy throngs; and shuns the noxious air
Of uncongenial converse, while he plies
His daily task by Providence assigned.

To some more lasting is the precious boon
Conferred in secret by the hand of morn:
Thrice welcome is the first unveiling ray
Which through the casement of the study bursts,
Where with anointed eye a saint explores
The Sacred Oracles; there, hidden veins
Of truth invite to patient, deep research;
There is his wealth—his heavenly heritage,
There are his title deeds, his treasury,
His magazine of stores, his daily food;
For soul disease safe medicine he finds
Provided there; the wardrobe and th' armour*
Needed for the pilgrimage and warfare,
All are in that reservoir; and freely
There, from the everlasting hills of Truth,
Flow forth the pure exhaustless streams of Life,

* Rom. xiii. 12—14; Eph. vi. 11—18; also 1 Tim. ii 9, 10; 1 Peter iii. 3, 4; v. 5.

Yea life in Christ, the soul of every theme.
The entrance of God's Word brings light* which woos
The spirit at the tranquil hour of morn;
Wisdom takes down the shutters of the mind;
"Morn is the time to listen for His voice,
When the unbroken stillness of the soul
Gathers its lowest whisper, and the pulse
Of this tumultuous world stirs not as yet
To its wild, fever'd beating; and the calm
Of all things through the gladden'd senses steals
Into the waiting spirit; and the heart
Is given up to Him who gives it rest;
For love is all repose, with confidence
And sweet assurance found."†
The suffering Christian who associates
With th' animating joyous step of morn,
The luxury of the early ramble
Through the flowery mead, the park, or gardens
Bordering e'en on the Metropolis,
By memory fondly link'd with youthful days,
Impatience may suppress, yet inly sighs,
Oh! when will it be morn? And who can paint
Th' emotions waken'd by the first approach
Of dawning light? Soon, stifled thought finds vent,
And, like the little cloud of Sacred Writ,
Oft proves the earnest of a plenteous shower:
The pathway of the just is as the light,
When th' orb of day begins his shining course,

* Psa. cxix. 130.

† "Sunshine and Shadow," by A. P. Carter, p. 161.

Diffusing more and more his healthful beams,
Till perfected in glorious noon-tide flood.*
In the renewal of the human heart,
The workmanship is from that hand divine,
Which grasps perfection ; and the picture, now,
Faulty and incomplete in this low sphere,
Shall be the wonder of the universe,
When every mask contrived by genius rare
To substitute the shadowy for the real,
Must be removed, and all the wreaths of fame
Drop from the wither'd hands of dying Time.
Yea, not more sure is progress in the course
Of light from dawn to noon than is the growth
Of grace, with knowledge of the truth in thoughts,
The germs of pure and high intelligence,
Embodying faith and hope, with fervent love,
For service fleet : but influence at first
Oft scarce is seen and service rarely own'd.
Within the shallow pool the lamp of life
Is clearly mirror'd, and though unobserv'd
As on the river's undulating breast,
While it majestically onward flows,
Surmounting every barrier in its way,
And from its depths affording images
Of all the objects which adorn its banks ;
Still, close is the relation which exists
Between the details of created things
And those which constitute their bold outline.

Hail, then, the infant, disencumber'd thought,
Which, dropping from the dove-like wing of morn,

* Prov. iv 18.

Gleams from above, and in the heaving breast
For utterance longs and waits; for sympathy,
Expansion, longs. Hail the melodious chime
Of yonder golden bells, a pendent branch
Of furze upon the edge: "Winter is o'er!"
Vibrates on morning gale from minstrels fair
Along the brooks and dells: hail each loved type
Of things to come. Christian sufferer, heed
The language of spring's renovated charms;
In the bright "day's eye"—in each morning flower,
Embrace the thought that "as the dew of herbs,*
"Out from among the dead,"† thou shalt arise
Among the myriads to fill the train
Of thy Redeemer, when He shall return,
E'en in like manner, as from Bethany
He vanish'd 'yond the ken of mortal eyes,
Transfixed upon the interminable path
Of His Ascension through the vault of heaven,
Up to His priestly throne at God's right hand.
Among His followers, hidden ones there are
Whose night of weeping and of weariness
Would, like a bulrush, weigh the spirit down,
But for that "blessed hope" which, while it gilds
The future sphere of individual life,
Is based upon the facts reveal'd to faith
And linked with recollections of the past.
Thus tinged with morning rays, a little rill
Of thought which from a hermit's pervious cell
Might seem thus far to have strayed, unbidden gush'd,

* Isa. xxvi. 19. † Phil. iii. 11.

Facing the wooded hills which crown Mount's Bay,
Above the western headland, and within
The ivy-cultured bower of a recluse,
Where the blent voices of the winds and waves
Made choral melody ; where from the coast
Of the Atlantic, at its "call," Æolus *
Wildly raised commotion in th' elements,
From wrangling tones to ruthless hurricane.
If by these sallies ruffled grew the stream,
'Twas not so in its sportive infancy;
Th' outgoings of the morning henceforth fed
Its nascent life, and Truth's approving smile
Chased scowling spectres from its gilded sphere.
The sunbeam of a sister's tender love
Illumed its threading course through verdant meads
Redolent with exhaling herbs and flowers,
Which crowned Aurora's brow with radiant joy,
And touch'd the springs and sympathetic chords
Of thankful hearts. Without, within the mind
All was serene, and plastic to the touch
Of Poesy's light moulding hand, as from
The landscape she removed night's veil of mist;
And from the neighbouring trees the blackbird pour'd
Through stilly air his thrilling matin lay,
So full and clear. But more exalted joys
Loved Poesy to her disciples brings.
The harpings of a hovering sister band
Came from the world seen by the eye of faith,
As from one family in heaven and earth;

* See "Penzance Guide," appendix, p. 53.

And their melodious notes, like kindred streams
With amaranths and water-lilies deck'd,
Were never lost amid the deeper tones
Which, from the master minds of Poesy,
Echoed in deep recesses of the soul
The swelling anthems of the rolling tide.

Within the picture gallery of the mind
Nature from time to time mementoes hung,
Which were reflected in the joyous rill,
And long it lingered in a sunny sphere
Of half-disclosed and variegated charms :
Objects of general interest here and there
Arose before the excursive mental eye.
What is that pyramidal eminence
Th' o'erhanging rocks of which contemptuously
Defy the sullen rage, th' impetuous whirl
Of hosts of towering waves around its base—
Symmetrical, yet rugged and unhewn,
Save by the chisel of the elements?
'Tis called St. Michael's Mount. Its priory
To th' Abbey of that name on foreign coast*
Became annexed, but shared the general fate
Of ultimate suppression. Once 'twas known
By the more pleasing, less monastic name,
"The hoar rock of the wood." Ruled by the tide,
'Tis twice a day an isle, where works of art,
With all that is sublime in nature, meet ;
A castle, where the priory once stood,
Its summit crowns, and up its rugged side

* Normandy.

A pathway renders both accessible:
And thence the glories of creation rise
In their surpassing splendour far beyond
Imagination's range, while vision fails
To compass that vast panoramic view
Of British, Irish, and Atlantic seas.
They who ne'er saw the Alps, and ne'er survey'd
The glory of Mont Blanc, in ranging o'er
This granite peak mid sedimentary rocks,
More easily its grandeur may conceive,
And doubt th' existence e'en of a compeer.

'Tis worth research to mark the great results
Connected with the junction of two rocks—
Granite and slate, through elemental change
Promiscuously intermixed, and vein'd
With quartz containing mineral substances.
A grassy platform mid the rude fragments
Of a raised beach, greet, on the north-west side,
The tourist's eye; and the geologist
Will pause to mark the junction of green stone
Reposing on the masses of clay slate;
While scattered verdure smiles, and Flora points
To the "Asplenium Lanceolatum,"
And the "Osmanda,"* though of stature small,
Inferior to that which on the cliff
Of Whitesand Bay droops from a cavern's roof.
Here, too, the rarer Algæ charm the eye.
In legends and historic lore, the Mount
Bears some resemblance to the rude "Bass Rock,"

* The Osmanda Regalis.

Known in the North from the facilities
Afforded there for cruel banishment
Of faithful shepherds o'er Christ's "little flock,"
And torture both of body and of mind,
But chiefly is this gem, which shines aloft
The lucid azure waters of Mount's Bay,
Known as the resort of monks and pilgrims,
And in feudal times as the arena
Of inglorious strife, bloodshed, ire and wrong.
How the proud heroism of the age
Of chivalry, so vauntingly upheld,
Wanes before the elevating element
Of Christian life, which, seeking not its own,
Contending for, rejoicing in the truth,
The more 'tis crush'd, the greater fragrance yields;
And with more verity than fabled palm,
Thrives most beneath the weight upon it laid,
Expanding till in glory perfected.

Marazion, once, the self-denying,
Humble, ardent, classic, persevering
Henry Martyn seiz'd a last lingering glimpse
Of inland objects towering o'er thy shores,
Remembrancers of loosen'd earthly ties
And past endearments ne'er to be renew'd:
O'er the wide field of Missionary toil,
On India's strand, he cast his eager eye,
And he resolved for Christ to give up all,
E'en the chief object of his heart's desire;
Time and place grew lighter in the balance
Of his own expansive mind on heaven fixed,
On rills of comfort, "earthly still" was writ,

While his keen sensibilities remained;
And when weighed down with sense of loneliness,
His loved and longed for "Persis" filled his eye
Till hopes were crushed, and then how tragical
The close of such a life. On Persian clime
Amid the followers of Mahomet,
Faint and weary, driv'n by a Tartar guide,
Beyond the plain of Ararat, o'er crag
And steep, dale following dale mid barren rocks,
Lodged in a stable room, and finally,
At Tocat visited with raging plague,
Without a friend to close his fading eyes,
He breathed his last—Yet from those dismal shades
Burst forth the inextinguishable rays
Of faith and hope—his soul was fill'd with peace.
A rare exotic was such godliness
Combined with natural genius. Costlier gem
His much loved Cornwall ne'er can bring to light.

How changed the face of its commercial mart
Along the southern coast, since visited
By traders from the East, from Phœnicia
And from Carthage, for its mineral produce.
Following the track of those explorers,
Haply a wand'ring band of Israelites,
Prior to every chronicled event,
Conferr'd the name of Zion, so beloved,
Upon the little village to the sea
Contiguous, and a convenient port.

Tourists in this neighbourhood look in vain
For Alpine plants, but on the sunny cliffs
The "Scilla Verna" thrives; and kindred tribes

In turfy bog, or marsh, have multiplied:
The shelly sand of "Phillack" decomposed,
Nutrition to the cowslip may afford;
For here this favourite flower chiefly grows.
As geologic features in the North
Of Britain and the coast of the South-west,
Assimilate, so to one parentage,
The "Cryptogamia" of the "Emerald Isle,"
And that which decks West Penrith, may be traced:
Its hospitality the district shows,
For in it foreign plants *acclimatize.*

Transparent as this interesting fact
Is to the botanist in Flora's page,
Analogy, now in the rill of thought,
Benignly glides; such is the harmony
Which breathes in all the works and ways of God—
Breathes in the soul till every faculty
Grows tremulous. Branches of the noblest
Asiatic stock, a sever'd remnant,
And from their ancient fatherland dispers'd,
Among the nations dwelling still alone,
Here, as in other kingdoms, wand'rers, scorned
As outcasts and as aliens, Israelites
Close by Marazion dwell; witnesses
For prophecy fulfilled and unfulfilled,
Like rare exotic plants of eastern hue,
These trading settlers have *acclimatized,*
And ne'er become extinct. Jehovah's eye
Is on them still, and soon will Israel's God
Arise to plead their cause. Alas, that those
Who have, in Christendom, from Israelites

Received the lively oracles of Truth,
Who have been grafted in their goodly vine,
And have the fatness of their olive shared,
Should *their* inalienable rights ignore,
O'erlooking Mercy in reserve for them,
With God's own covenant faithfulness reveal'd
To Abraham of old. Still though exiled,
Though des'late be their house until the times,
So parenthetical to them, shall end,
Prospective thought flows through a period, when
Lov'd Israel is to be the central point
Of blessing to the "earth, and man upon it,"
Both redeem'd by Christ th' Universal Heir.
When He to them in glory shall return,
Their goodness no more as the morning cloud
Shall pass away; but as a giant's course
Zion's unsetting sun will rise and shine.

England, forget not this when thou gloriest
In thy arsenals, ports, and naval wealth;
They shall prosper that love her; and rebuilt,
She will the fulness of the Gentiles hail;
"Life from the dead," from Palestine resounds;
Jerusalem's disinterred memorials cry
Unto the nations that Jehovah's arm
For Israel is not shorten'd, and His eye
Is still upon their lost inheritance.
Ye merchants, in the remnant on our shores,
Behold the living witnesses of Truth,
And in their future, trace its veins of gold,
Unseen by multitudes, and unexplored
By those on whom the light they shunn'd hath risen.

The mines of Cornwall, as a source of wealth,
And a commercial feature, oft have drawn
The traveller to her shores; and royal guests
Within their precincts lingered, charm'd alike
With natural scenery and works of art:
Deep as the print of Queen Victoria's foot
Upon the landing stair towards the Mount,
Appear'd the impression on the public mind,
When its proprietors as guests received
The heir and heiress of the British crown,
E'en the Princess who graced that Western tour,
More than a jewelled robe, or diamonds
From Cornwall's shore, would e'er herself adorn,
By scattering favour to the little ones,
Who, with the Bible as the best of gifts,
At first had greeted her on England's soil.
What bridal gift like this from such a source?
May wisdom's amaranthine flowers be strewn
Along her path;* and Truth its witness yield
As contrasted with the fading garlands
Of triumphal arches, loyal Cornwall's
Tribute to th' admired consort of its Duke.

At various points, the coast of Lizard Head,
Far-famed for Serpentine and other rocks,
In captivating scenery abounds.
The "Brighton of the West," Porthleven boasts
A harbour and a pier; th' Atlantic rolls
In awful grandeur o'er the wave-worn beach;
And striking combinations both of art
And nature deck the seam'd o'erhanging cliff;

* Isa. xl. 6—8; 1 Peter i. 23—25.

Mid variegated charms of hill and vale,
And added to a glowing summer sea
Reflecting deep the tinted clouds of eve,
There smiles a tidal lake which from its source
Is separated by a shingle bar:
The tourist's eye reposes on the spot,
E'en when the lucid mirror is not there,
For richly-wooded slopes in emerald robe
Embellish the old manor house and park;
While ancient Helston crowns the neighbouring hill:
Massive machinery in this district
Of the mines, from Trevenon to Wheal Vor,
Stamps the commercial feature of the coast,
In keeping with the opposite headland,
With great Botallack and less noted mines.
Bright vegetation sprinkled o'er the cliff,
Peering above the road towards Kynance,
Attracts the eye; although 'tis now disproved
That soils for agricultural character
Are much affected by subjacent rocks.
This graceful eastern bound'ry of Mount's Bay
Has many indentures from fantastic caves,
With here and there a narrow sandy belt
Around its curvatures, which at full tide
Are to explorers inaccessible.
Mullion in its isle, and picturesque rocks
May almost vie with its fair neighbouring cove,
Th' unique Gunwalloe,* where the church and tower

* For several years under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. Stevenson, author of "Christ on the Cross," &c.

Appear adjoin'd to a rocky eminence
Which wears the aspect of a sheltering wing.
Does the observer feel the force of Truth?
Then not without emotion he may learn
That in that sweet recess the Word of Life
Resounded far—there precious seed was sown,
And there beneath the banner of the Cross
Rallied the peasantry of British shores.

The mental eye still lingers and retains
Its vivid, bright conceptions there received;
The sun's declining rays o'er softest hues
Of variegated verdure gently steal,
Illumining the rock against the church;
The waves leap on the elevated cliff,
The sombre front of which a contrast forms
To softly blended shades of blue and green
O'er the bosom of the sea, which whirling
Onwards through the cove, now agitated,
Now impetuous, flows; surging wave on wave,
Sports wildly in the arched caves below,
Making sweet melody; or spray is toss'd
O'er splinter'd fragments sever'd from huge rocks.

In Kynance Cove,* the gem of all the coast,
Famed for its stores of costly serpentine,
Nature her wildest attitude displays,
In towering rocks, irregular in form,
Bold and distinct, and yet confusedly,
From immemorial ages hurled, and there
Based like imperishable monuments

* Visited by Prince Albert and the royal children in 1846.

Of elemental change; and witnesses
To that Omnipotent, o'er-ruling Hand,
Which fixed the limit of the furious waves.

Above the tow'ring cliff call'd the Tar Box,
Project the yellow Cairn and Lion Rock,
A lofty mass from the mainland detached.
Beyond Kynance is th' old Lizard Head, crown'd
By two light-houses, near the site of which
Is shown the Lion's Den, a curious cave;
And Pen Olver's fine headland.* Sublime Kynance,
With Ilfracombe 'tis thought thou e'en may'st vie;
Far more in grandeur with the Logan Rock,
Or with Land's End. But here, 'mid kindred scenes,
The rock called "Hermonite" an aspect wears
Congenial with sweet converse, and serene
Reflection on the works and ways of God.†

Associated with this sunny coast,
And with its minerals, fossils, lichens, ferns,
Was recent intercourse with loving friends;
And the winding rill of thought was rippled
By the accents of the dear Westbrooks whom,
Like kindred neighb'ring streamlets, it had hailed.
Its lonely aspect for a while was chased
By sweet endearing reminiscences

* For a fuller description refer to "A Week at the Lizard," by the Rev. C. A. Johns.

† Psa. cxi. 2.

Of bygone days—of Slapton *in the West*,
And the lamented Emma,* that rare bird
Of song, whose minstrelsy had been the spring
Of friendship and of mutual interest;
For genius in her was allied to Truth,
To Faith, and Love, and purifying Hope.

Poetry is the mirror of the thoughts,
The affections, and emotions of the mind,
And it has ever served to fan the flame
Of love to Him, who strung each innate chord
Within the heart, so curiously wrought
Alike for joy or grief, for hope or fear,
For penitence and faith, the fruits of Grace:
This only can attune the human soul
To Truth's exalted themes, and in the light
Of her own everlasting dwelling place,
Much that was indistinct, grows definite.
Imagination, where sin entrance found,
And whence in social intercourse impureness
Flowed—cleansed by Truth, remoulded and renew'd,
Is her sealed cabinet, that choice museum,
Not crowded, though with mental furniture
Supplied from Wisdom's never-failing stores
Of precious things, of "treasures hid in sand,"
By the continuous flow of mountain streams,
Deposited. The scale of Providence
Is held by One, who graciously prescribed
That she who tarried much at home should still

See "Etchings and Pearls" By Mrs. J. C. Westbrooke; and "Memoir of Emma Tatham." By B. Gregory. Hamilton & Co.

"Divide the spoil" with more capacious minds,
In sanctified Imagination's sphere.
'Twas not a visionary transient feast,
When on the bosom of the glorious deep,
The brilliant sunbeam poured a shower of gems;
Or the mild lunar ray reposed, amid
The murm'ring waves, responsive to the note
Of praise; and though the strain die on the gale,
Within the sanctuary of the soul
Sweet melody vibrates. Why should the Muse
Exclaim, "My visions to myself I'll sing"?
Ah! Truth's disciples rarely recognise
The worth of that imaginative power
Which is the handmaid of a soaring Faith.
The lowlands some prefer. Th' ideal world
Seems but a dizzy height. Some, midway poise;
A few soar as the lark, and quickly drop
Into their nest upon the chilling earth.
One here and there soars like the king of birds,
And makes his citadel among the rocks.
Thus above other poets Milton rose;
His mental eye, unwearied, gazed upon
The glory of th' Eternal Son of God
In risen manhood, and by angels throng'd,
Invested with all power in Heaven and earth.

A deeper channel for the winding rill
The master of heroic verse has traced;
And where but in the precincts of God's truth,
Th' inspired original of History,
Can sanctified Imagination range
With pure delight, in Wisdom's pleasant ways

And paths of peace? She understanding gives,
That Poesy may find the secret link
'Tween natural and moral excellence,
In th' imagery of th' external world;
And trace deformity wherever found,
Or moral ill, alas, so prevalent,
To th' entrance and the blighting curse of sin.

There is a constant enmity between
The eagle and the dragon, which straightway,
Whene'er he hears the motion of his wings,
Seeks safety and concealment in his den:
Antagonism here we may admit
Between the eagle-muse, and that great foe
Of God and man whose guile he has exposed
In the detection of his numerous snares,
And of the flowery paths in which he leads
The blindfold victims of his subtlety,
Down to the central point of moral ill:
Ah! that which unto fleshly lusts they sowed
At last they reap. Observe yon eagle's flight
Up to the battlements of highest Heaven,
And in the precincts of Jehovah's Court,
God's well-belovèd Son the signal gives
"To the bright minister who watch'd;" a blast
"Fill'd all the regions"—Angels heard man's doom.
Next, how the scenery glows beneath the rays
Of God's eternal covenant love in Christ—
The Lord of Angels. By Him commission'd,
Michael precedes "the cohort bright'
Of watchful cherubim; Adam he greets
With aspect more of mercy than of wrath;

And in his converse with our fallen sire,
Milton to more familiar style descends.
Still, where a glance for others had sufficed,
He takes a close and microscopic view.
The heart of man he must have analys'd,
Or Adam's previous crude soliloquies
Ne'er so life-like had he drawn : a mirror
He has furnish'd for his apostate race ;
And though the bitterness of death was pass'd
By virtue of the promise made to Eve,
He scann'd in speculations of his mind
A torturing source of sad disquietude.
Th' Archangel's revelations he then paints
With skill and accuracy only drawn
From knowledge both of Science and of Art,
And close acquaintance with the ways of man
In most degenerate times, amid the ranks
Of life the most debased ; and he transfers
That portraiture familiar to his mind
To th' antediluvian age. The first man
Is shown, how each black line of moral ill,
To himself traced back, was to be followed
By an awful flood ; all the dire effects
Of sin in dim perspective he surveys :
But Milton on the cloud depicts a bow,
" Betokening peace from God and Covenant new ;'
Preceded by the dove and olive leaf.
How has that glorious symbol ministered
To human hope ; a banner it has proved
To souls contending with the troubled waves
Of bitterest woe, associated with
The " better hope " and " better sacrifice "

In Christ revealed. "*I will look upon it,*"
Said the Lord; and what but the sweet savour
Of the one offering Jesus made for sin
Could have ensured acceptance or regard
To Noah's early eucharistic rite?
On the Lamb in th' eternal purpose slain
The Father looked complacent; there Faith's eye
Still rests; and sees, too, on His sapphire throne
The Son of Man encircled by the bow,
As universal heir of heaven and earth.

The line of demarcation, drawn by God
Between man's moral darkness, and the light
Of sacred Truth concentering in Christ,
Could never be effaced. 'Twas early seen
In Cain and Abel, in the prevalence
Of wickedness opposed to equity,
To pure benevolence, to truth and love,
To righteousness and peace; and in the fierce
And crushing dominance of man's misrule,
The God of this world scattered wide the seeds
Of anarchy and strife, of despotism,
And wild democracy, which in the end
Will prove confederate against the Lord,
The God of the whole earth. The genial rays
Of Truth which lit the solitary path
Of Enoch, and of Noah, or the few
Of Shem's distinguished race who feared the Lord,
Were quite repellent to th' obliquity
And turpitude of yon promiscuous throng,
Who scorn'd their counsel for no other cause
Than such as an all-seeing God discern'd—

What men imagined, both before the flood
And afterwards, *that* they would strive to do.

In the Mosaic records of our globe
Truth early register'd the birth of Art,
While Poetry inspired the human breast
With needful stimulus, to meet the wants
And cultivate the sympathies of life.
Jabal first introduced the shepherd's tent
With thrifty management of flocks and herds;
And Jubal was the father of all those
Who played upon the organ and the harp;
Artificers in iron and in brass,
Or copper, first were trained by Tubal-Cain;
The love of melody in human hearts
Survived the ruins and discordancy,
Which, on the Fall, soon kindled wasting strife;
And the testimony of the patriarch Job,*
Relative to mineral substances,
Corroborates th' internal evidence
Of Hebrew annals. The pure gems of Truth
Shine independently of Fancy's flights,
The foil of ready wit, or the details,
Which a temperate imagination
With th' aid of sound analogy may weave.
Poesy e'en has roam'd among the wilds
Of man's curs'd heritage from earliest time,†
And has described experiments then made,
By modern rules; and easier 'twas to prove

* Job. xxviii. 1—7.

† See reference to Joshua Sylvester in "Our Christian Classics" (Page 205). By Dr. James Hamilton.

That man might curb and train the fiery steed
Rather than rein his own rebellious will.

Deep in the bosom of th' eventful past
The first historian, inspired by God,
Sank a shaft, from which the modern sceptic
Turns aside, while the unpolish'd miner,
And the simple peasant, in the Bible
Learn the origin of those inventions,
Handicrafts, and traffic, which contribute
To subsistence. The Egyptian scholar,
Once a Hebrew babe, rescued from the waves
And monsters of the Nile, could not o'erlook
The useful arts, or rudiments of taste,
In patriarchal times. Noah imbibed
Knowledge for generations yet to come,
And by his sons 'twas gradually diffused,
From places where they formed new settlements,
Throughout the post-diluvian world.

How quickly was the earth by moral ill
Defaced, till as each section ramified,
Rebellion and ambition reach'd their height
On Shinar's plain. There, as before the flood,
Th' evil imagination of man's thoughts
Was by Jehovah marked. One dialect
Avail'd for each of the migratory tribes;
And what could hinder a presumptuous scheme?
Their words, like arrows aiming at the skies
Rebounded on those atheistic lips
Where lurk'd the venom of satanic pride,

Suggesting inly, "Who is Lord o'er us?"*
On that dark spot, among them burst the germ
Of infidel apostasy from God,
Foretold both by apostles and by seers
Of Israel's race. Then, though hand joined in hand,
God's judgment tarried not; and hating Him,
Farther and farther from the source of light
They went astray. The scatter'd tribes of men
Were wand'rers o'er a devastated world.

How dark the picture! Types like Enoch, Seth,
The earth's wide wilderness no more adorn:
Each family along a dubious path
Pursues its way, with an instinctive love
Of country and of home, in quest of which
The speculations of the human mind
Have e'er been manifold. Lo, here and there,
Instead of undulating hill and vale,
With browsing flocks familiar to the mind;
And in the place of habitable tents,
A jutting barren crag bursts on the eye,
Abruptly checking the adventurer's course.
A waste of waters the horizon bounds,
And e'en for rivers navigators fail:
The horrors of the flood still haunt the minds
Of not a few; but with temerity,
Ambition, avarice, men schemes project,
And fresh discovery effort stimulates;
A vigorous reaction from each change,
Each rise and fall of germinating power,

* Ps. xii. 4.

And from confederacies new and strange,
Pervades the spreading colonies of all
The post-diluvian and degenerate race.

Leaving its native shore, its favourite haunts,
And glowing picturesque scenery from Land's End
To Dover's Cliffs, and 'yond th' intermediate
Rolling seas and continental kingdoms,
From the locality where first it gushed,
The rill of thought turn'd to the East and hail'd
Beneath a warm unveiling ray from Heaven,
Four celebrated rivers which had branched
From a wide parent stream of Eden's clime.*
Each had distinctive features, and they seem'd
To typify pure streams of knowledge, ere
Adulterated by the inventions
Of apostate man, design'd to soften
Tribes unciviliz'd, and t' ameliorate
The curse, though nought but the pure Fount of Truth
Could feed the urgent cravings of his soul,
And smooth the path of all the sons of toil.

History, Science, Art, and Literature†
Were mirror'd in those ancient noble streams,
Though in their infancy. Widening its course
'Neath gilding rays of "precious promises"
Eastward, Westward, sped the rill, pursuing

* Gen. ii. 10—14.

† Chronological order is not here strictly followed.

Truth in all its varied forms and aspects
Manifold. In the first river, Pison,
Sacred History compass'd all the land
Of Havilah, and thence the human mind
Derived the current coin bearing the stamp
Of Truth, all records to authenticate;
There, were mirror'd dynasties th' end of which
Was in th' Arcana of Jehovah wrapp'd
In mystery. His eyes behold the ways
Of men, and "He pondereth all their goings."*
Before the Lord, a mighty hunter rose,†
His course was marked, a proverb was the name
Of Nimrod—one whose prowess 'yond the chase
Was soon extended: seeds of ambition
Sown in Babel, rapidly in Shinar
Into efflorescence burst. In Egypt
Under Mizraim, soon the race of Cush,
The numerous and unblest posterity
Of Ham to power rose, and in the river,
Gihon, was its far-famed literature,
With its proficiency in useful arts
And works of taste, reflected, till later
In Egyptian annals, the papyrus,
In the eyes of foreign learnèd nations,
Gradually formed as rich a feature
As th' Oriental palm; and thus the Nile
Rivall'd the Gihon in conveying things
More recent—more familiar to the rill,
And less obscure. Minds, on the farthest shores,

* Prov. v. 21.

† Gen. x. 9—11; compare Ps. xlix. 11.

Were nurtured through this natural product
Of the branching stream. Th' Alexandrian School
Was not the only hive of mental wealth;
The monasteries of the Natron lakes,*
By nature fortified, were a retreat
For guardians of those ancient manuscripts,
Which, 'neath Jehovah's merciful control,
Were reservoirs of knowledge brought from far,
But inaccessible, 'mid ruins heap'd;
The penetrating spirit of research
At length avail'd t' unlock those hidden stores,
And bring them into light; then, libraries,
Museums were enrich'd; and in those haunts,
With pen and parchment, many a recluse,
O'er the worn page toil'd on from day to day,
Th' allotted task transcribing. Thus abroad
Flowed numerous rivulets of ancient lore:
From yon conservatory of God's truth,
Like the gulf-stream of the Atlantic Sea,
Th' authenticated Scriptures, health and cure—
The words of life to distant nations brought,
And revolutionized the human mind.

* See "History of the Transmission of Ancient Books, &c."
By Isaac Taylor. Jackson and Walford.

SECTION II.

The Widening Stream.

THOUGHT, once a rill confined to narrow bounds,
Becomes the widening stream, and gathering strength,
The transit of e'en fourteen centuries
Has made; the desert was without; within,
Accumulated treasures Wisdom hid,
And her disciples thence inherited
The promised substance.* Lo, the widening stream
Flows towards Hiddekel†— from the full current
Of this river "*a sharp sound*" has issued;‡
And those floods of light, once poured through visions
Of the captive seer o'er the earth's destinies,
Are mirror'd vividly; and there are seen
The power despotic, the pride of learning,
The riches and the gross voluptuousness
Of th' Assyrian monarchy, which, founded
By Arphaxad, proved the scourge of Israel,

* Prov. viii. 21. † Dan. x. 5.
‡ The meaning of Hiddekel, in Cruden's Concordance.

In future years. 'Twas contemporaneous
With the germ of Nineveh by Asshur
Firmly rooted on the East of Tigris.

Our sepulchral relics of great empires,
Which have burst upon th' excavator's eyes,
Can ne'er be silenc'd; witnesses they stand
Within the porch of Wisdom's edifice,
Whose base no mind can reach—relics from tombs
Of warlike monarchs and their retinue,
Or files of slaves unnumber'd, and, alas!
Chain'd to the brutal warrior's chariot wheels,
Reveal an awful waste of energy,
Which, with volcanic fury, ruin spread,
Self t' aggrandize—power reduced to crush.
How to th' eye of a reflecting Hebrew
Those memorials of Assyrian power
Revive the mournful past, and vindicate
God's righteous retribution. O'er that dark,
Heart-rending page of Israel's history,
The scatter'd nation ne'er can cease to vent
The sorrows of their patriotic breasts.

Shem's descendants from the race of Japheth
Are less separate than in former ages,
And outcast Israel resembles still
The girdle hid in the Euphratean stream:
While slumb'ring Christendom times perilous
Ignores, and with so many lamps untrimm'd,
For the last woes of the Apocalypse
Who is ready? From the deep'ning shadows

On Euphrates fallen, to a period
Of remotest interest, to Chaldea
Thought again its winding course has turned,
And how the mind reposes in the grace
Which shone in Abram's call; in promises
The early buds of which were soon t' appear
In all Jehovah's dealings with himself,
And those who from him sprang. High as the stars,
Above the dust of earth; countless as both,
Were Covenant blessings, in lov'd Isaac, seal'd:
And to a native of Chaldee, how full
And how emphatic was the metaphor
By God employed, to express a multitude,
And the development of Israel's might,
Their glory and renown in Palestine
In former, and far more in latter days,
Beneath Messiah's reign. The patriarch's eye
Might travel far beyond the boundary line
Of the celestial sphere within his ken;
And looking through the telescope of faith,
Like nebulæ the heirs of promise grew.
In Egypt, if not in the neighbouring lands,
Jacob's vicissitudes and Joseph's lot
Were a familiar tale; and Israel s path
From fierce and warlike nations was not hid.*
They quaked before Omnipotence displayed
In favour of a people they despised.
Jehovah's footprints in the wilderness
Were clearly seen; and among witnesses

* Joshua ii. 9—11.

On every hand, Jethro, priest of Midian,
Wafted abroad their marvellous release
From th' Egyptian yoke, when, fill'd with joy,
He to his land return'd. There, in time past,
Moses had fled, rich in Egyptian lore,
Embracing all the arts and sciences
Known in that early age of literature,
And men of taste. Chaldee was eminent
For ancient astronomical research :
But whence came knowledge to those heathen climes,
And whence the light which travell'd east or south,
To Persia, India, China, though so dim ;
And gleam'd at length on regions in the West?
Prior to all research in Gentile lands,
Seth's discoveries were on pillars graved ;
And computations, made by patriarchs,
Who watch'd the revolutions of those orbs
Which periodically met their eyes,
'Tis natural to infer, were orally
Transmitted to the post-diluvian race.

The early worship of the heavenly host
Is indicated in the words of Job ;
But in Arabia, the mythology
Of Greece, or Persia, in an early age,
Has not been traced. Its literature relates
To local scenes, and to th' aggrandizement
Of individuals and their ancestry:
The Upas tree of fiction rooted there,
Has shed its poisonous fruit in Christendom ;
And where does zest for Sacred History—

The record of God's dealings in the earth—
Equal the taste for legends and romance?

Teman had intellectual wealth, as those
Who thought to instruct the patriarch Job
Evinced; yet, hollow comforters they proved.
With keen retort he blended weighty truths,
And wisdom, "in her children justified,"
To latest generations is maintained;
While, as a taper held before the sun,
The wisdom of this world is made to appear.
Deep argument had landed him on shores
Replete with works of art, and he exclaimed*
Surely from silver of the mountain vein
The finer must remove surrounding dross;
And there's a place for fusion of the gold,
To separate it from impurities,
And all alloy. He gives to man his due
For all his labour and industrious toil.
Oft had he felt the metaphor here brought
So forcibly before his mental eye,
And now as he reviews the weary night
Of personal suff'ring and unjust rebuke,
Strength'ning himself in God "who giveth songs,"
"Behold," he cries, "I shall come forth *as gold!*"†

He next surveys the subterranean tracks
Of earth, where runs the glist'ning stream which first
By Jubal was observ'd, and turn'd to use,

* Job xxviii. 1. † Job xxiii. 10.

With iron ore, which, as most requisite
For man, the most abounds ; pyrite he views
Which, against steel is wont sparks to emit,
And with heat the native sulphuret yields
A blue and lambent flame—if crystallized
Its colour is like brass—its form a cube.
Melting of copper is repeated oft
Ere it be cast into the iron mould,
Fit for the finer and the artisan.
  Like one who had the paths of science trod,
The philosophic and poetic Seer
Scans earth's relation to the solar orb ;*
And from the bound where light and darkness meet,
Where day succeeds to night and night to day,
He draws the outline of his argument,
That God has fixed the limits of man's search,
And 'tis His sole prerogative at once
To view the circuit of the earth, with all
The orbs revolving under the whole heavens.
Throughout the world of matter and of mind
Human attainments are but as the stones
Of false deficient weight ; or like a land
Once inundated by th' impetuous flood,
If traversed, it is but a sterile waste,
Devoid of tents, inhabitant, or flock.
How beautiful the contrast of the earth
Whence "cometh bread." The husbandman goes forth
To plough, and in the furrows casts the seed ;
'His God doth teach him," e'en the Lord of Hosts

* Job xxviii. 3—6.

In counsel wonderful—in work excellent.*

For the voluptuous carbonated gems
By excavation from their hidden place
Are brought to light: but not alone to deck
The monarch's brow, or glitter in the train
Of Oriental state, the miner digs
In quest of silver, gold, or precious stones.
By these too from the earth comes bread for man,
And industry oft earns a rich reward,
Though not without the toil which wastes the strength
In each department of commercial life.
Geology for trade oft paves the way,
And to the mineral points; but from the wheel
To bring th' effulgent gem, how requisite
The lapidary's art. An exemplar
Was the afflicted patriarch of patience
Perfected; and through successive ages,
Mid the rare stones from nature's quarry brought,
This cut and polished gem has o'er the path
Of suff'ring lustre shed. Who, so abased,
"Cast down, but not destroyed;" and who, at length
So full of years, and with his bow renewed,
Christian Philosophy exemplified?
In God's habitation through the Spirit,
Here then the workmanship Divine, behold.

The sapphire so resplendent in Ceylon,
And found in Media's trap rocks—Syenite
Granite, Hornblende, is in the Word of God

* Isai. xxviii. 23—

A consecrated stone, pre-eminent
For its celestial blue;* 'tis also red
With all the intermediate shades of both.
The violet Sapphire is th' Oriental
Amethyst; yellow 'tis the chrysolite
And topaz, and the emerald of the East
With the green sapphire is identified.
What harmony is there. Hail, genial hue!
Emblem of hope pervading Nature's realm,
Replete with grass, and herb, and leafy trees,
All fructifying from inherent seed.
Thus with the hues of God's own blest design,
Affinity the radiant sapphire claims;
Invested with these adventitious hues
Conspicuous in the Bow, the herb, and flowers,
The sapphire is reflected in the mind
Which rests midway between the azure heavens
With yon Covenant sign, and the green jewell'd earth
Redeem'd by Christ. What hidden links are there.

The land and neighbourhood of Uz contain'd
The dust of gold, or gold combined with grains
Or particles of sand, with splendour fill'd:
Such was the richness of the Chaldee soil
Conspicuous in Job's patriarchal age.
With wisdom he the silver and the gold
Of earth—the shadow with the substance weigh'd;
While he proved that riches to themselves make wings
And fly away—that silver heap'd as dust,†

* See Pantologia, vol. viii. † Job. xxvii. 16.

With the instinctive labour of the ant,
Shall to the hypocrite and worldling fail:
The storm shall hurl th' oppressor from his place,
The just shall put his raiment on, and dark
Shall be the end of all who fear not God.

Impoverish'd, yet rich in faith, the Seer
Had learn'd "Man doth not live by bread" alone
O'er all the greatness of his former state
Deep shadows hung; but intellectual wealth,
With godliness, integrity of soul,
And high resolve illumed his painful lot.
What in Creation's realm may symbolize
The twofold aspect of his ample mind—
His isolation and his range of thought?
O'er two vast elements endued with power
To range, in spite of wind and wave, behold
The sea bird on the billow's silver'd crest
In solitude sublime rock'd by the tide;
And then with outspread pinions bathed in light,
Sweeping at will the wide encircling Heavens.
Here, as by twilight, may the poet's eye
Resemblance to the patriarch discern.

"God sent that bird," the sailor to his child
Exclaimed, to warn us of the shallow sands
And headlands, when the beacon lights were hid
By mist, and soon our vessel had been driven
Upon the rocky coast, had we not heard
Its wailing note—yes, many precious lives
The wild scream of the sea gull oft has saved.
Yet the service of a timely signal

From the feather'd pilots of our seamen,
Few consider.* The present and the past,
The winding Stream of Thought, once but a rill,
Embraces, and links yon friendly pilot
With th' exercised and well-instructed Scribe
Whose breadth of vision has in ev'ry age,
Extended to the dark vicissitudes
Of life, before him spread upon the page
Of his own history. How is he poised
Between extremes—The Rock is his strong-hold.

Hark! God hath fenced my way, I cannot pass,
Hath stripped me of my glory and my crown;
My hope hath he removed like a tree,
Yet if cut down its branch again will sprout.
My bone cleaves to my skin, but still I know
That "my Redeemer liveth and shall stand
Upon the earth" when dawns *the latter day*,
And God Incarnate I shall then behold.
Hail blessed witness from the shadowy past,
The type and counterpart of vigorous faith
In Apostolic times. Oh wondrous grace
That on Arabian shores and in a clime,
Where erudition was so strongly mark'd
By fiction and romance, the Lord preserved
A vein of Truth more precious than fine gold,
A magazine of stores for evil days
Down to the end of time, a noble type
Of saintly patience and the power of faith.
How rich the loving kindness of the Lord

* See interesting details in the article "Our Sea Birds," "British Workman," July, 1869.

In this bright monument of righteousness,
Like that of Abraham and all the heirs
Of Grace which e'er in God the Father's heart
Had dwelt and was made manifest in Christ.

Here is the shaft no fowl of air hath known;
'Tis undiscovered by the vulture's eye,
And nigh it roaring lion never trod.
Shall flesh and blood e'er to the natural man
The glorious mysteries of the Sacred Page
Interpret and unveil? Without the Sun,
As soon the arid earth might corn, or herb,
Or flowers yield—as soon might e'en the lamp
Of human life with greater vigour burn;
For in dark sayings men of God essay'd
Not less to check the pride of intellect
Fallen from God, too low to comprehend
The perfect Source from whom at first it flowed,
Than to encourage meek and safe enquiry
After Wisdom. Riches unsearchable
In Christ remain, a treasury infinite
Is hid in glorified humanity
Upon the Father's Throne, eventually
To be poured forth in fertilizing showers
Of blessing, not as once to Palestine
Confined; and spreading knowledge will be power
For good alone, and wisdom a defence—
A sure inheritance which cannot fade.
Not all the silver or the gold refined,
Nor mineral treasures in the veins of rocks,
Not all the sapphires or the golden sand
Familiar to the wealthy Emir's eye;

Nor all the diamonds, rubies, costly pearls,
The ivory, cassia, and the frankincense,
And powders of Arabian merchandise,
With wisdom flowing from the Fount of Life
Can e'er be weighed. It is and must remain
Above all price. The wisest among men,
Saw, in the Idumean patriarch,
The well of philosophic lore was deep;
And to essential wisdom, as their source,
He traces every mineral and metallic vein,
Mirror'd within that comprehensive mind.

Before Jehovah form'd the hills, whence flowed
Yon streams enrich'd with gold, th' Eternal Word,
Coeval with His works and ways of old,
Was with th' Eternal Father; He searched out
The due proportions of the earth and heavens,
Gravity and its cause, and on all things
Its ceaseless influence, as natural law
Derived from Deity; and when the rain,
The lightning, and the thunder He decreed,
Then He determined and declared the root
Of wisdom is Jehovah's fear, to flee
From evil is to understand His way.

It was through Moses unto Israel shewn,
In all communications from above,
That in God's sanctuary nought was done
Save with endowment of peculiar skill,
Of knowledge and device. A flood of light
They had direct from Heaven; but what is man?
How prone to apostasy from God and Truth,

* Prov. viii. 22—36; compare Job. xxviii. 24—28.

And how ingenious evil to pursue.
Behold the graving tool in Aaron's hand,
He fashions and completes the molten calf,
For all the people said—"Up, make us gods,
This Moses who from Egypt brought us up,
We wot not where he is." Ah! 'tis Aaron
Hearkens, and obeys their voice e'en to build
An altar for the heathenish deity.
Thus was the art of Sculpture there abused.
Idolatry in Israel was a sin
Of deepest dye, engender'd in the house
Of bondage, whence Jehovah's outstretch'd arm
Had brought them through the Deep; impatience, lust
Of evil things, self-will, ingratitude,
Combined to throw a fire-brand in their camp,
Which quickly would have kindled floods of wrath
And but for Moses standing in the gap,
Israel's name had been from Heaven blotted out.

The founders of the Arts before the Flood
Were early deified in every land;
And down from Baal, Ammon, Ashtaroth,
From Vishnu, Odin, and the semi-gods
With heroes canonized among the stars,
To modern pantheism, and all the forms
Of creature worship, ev'ry lingering ray
Of pristine light has gradually been quench d.
Still more than painting, has the sister art
Of sculpture serv'd to aid, and propagate
Idolatry in ancient times; and in
The polish'd nations of a later age,

Not worthless is the record, still extant,
That e'en the gifted sculptor, Polycles,
Failed in his statues of the gods, to express
Their majesty ; proving that natural men
Possess a consciousness of attributes
In Deity, remote from outward sense ;
And crave for strength, perfection, and repose,
Embodied in an independent life—
Only in Christ, GOD *manifest in flesh,*
And 'yond their apprehension and their aim.
The beau-ideal of a sacred shrine,
A temple made with hands that should absorb
The admiration of the multitude,
And of each foreign amateur of art,
Heathens could produce ; but the Infinite
Within the finite, how could they express ?
For, "no man hath at any time seen God."

At sundry times from Judæa's central sphere,
Truth gleam'd upon those regions of the earth,
Least known, and least explored, while neighb'ring lands,
Phœnicia and Chaldee, were nurseries
Of image worship, and idolatrous rites ;
Impervious they were to scatter'd rays,
Which penetrated individual minds,
In places more obscure, and more remote.
The Queen of Sheba bare a lighted torch
From Judah to her realm, and none can tell
What ranks it might illume, or th' extent
Of knowledge thence, like seed by wind dispers'd.

Analogy pervades the oracles
Of Sacred Writ, the Word and Works of God,
In providence and grace ; diversity
Of genius is alike distributed
Throughout the Christian and the Heathen world.
Hesiod,* the most benignant of his age,
Cotemporaneous with his rival muse,
(That idol of the world of literature
From darkest days to those of gospel light)
Highly adorned the agricultural art,
Beneath the auspices of graceful verse.
Each lingering ray of patriarchal times
Flickered, or fainter grew, or disappeared
Along the mazy paths, which he in vain
Essay'd to trace, and yet man's moral need—
His great depravity, he e'en deplores ;
And when reproach'd for not revealing more,
Concerning things to come, he, modestly,
Before the world his ignorance confess'd ;
While, through distorting medium, he sought
To acquaint himself with God, inviolate,
He still maintained His sole prerogative,
What things t' impart, and on whom light to pour.
Thus far he groped his way, and recognised
An occult truth ; and shall not such a one
In judgment rise against the advocates
Of scepticism, of mind, or intellect,
Innate in matter, and apart from God ?
While others sought oppressive rule t' extend,
He was the friend of morals and of peace,

* 907 B. C.

And would have had the useful arts applied
To husbandry, or lawful self-defence,
According to th' assurance given by God,
"The fear and dread of you shall be on beasts,
And winged fowl and ev'rything that moves
On earth or sea."* This father of the gift
Of poetry depicted all he knew
Of man's primæval and his fallen state,
And rays, obliquely, from a Source Divine
Fell on his path. Genius, with industry,
And with benevolence, in him was fill'd,
Not less than in those famed philosophers,
Whose fanciful opinions he ne'er held:
Far greater access to the light of Truth,
Apart from all traditionary lore,
Pythagoras enjoy'd. To enlarge his sphere
Of knowledge and research, he travell'd far;
And haughty Babylon he visited,
When learnéd Jews were exiled captives there.
Oh how the wisdom of the astrologers
Was put to shame, before that light from Heaven,
By which alone the monarch's dream was solv'd.

Pythagoras in Europe introduced
The Heliocentric System, which, in Greece,
With the diurnal motion of the earth,
Afforded new material for thought:
Th' order, beauty, and harmonious movements
Of the planets, he intelligently
Could communicate; but how bewildering,

* Gen. ix. 2.

How dark his notions of a future state.
Where was the central truth of th' Atonement,
Which in the ceremonial law was shown?
To this, a stranger he could scarce remain.*
Alas, his doctrine left the soul adrift
Upon a shoreless sea. Life in Jesus,
And Immortality *there* brought to light,
Modern Philosophy, alike, disowns.

The widening stream of thought flowed farther East;
And, greeting in its course a lonely rill
Illumin'd by a streak of early morn,
Is, by its hopeful aspect, onward sped.
A partial ray of Truth in China burst,
Through deepest gloom, on human intellect.
Its gifted founder of philosophy,
And legislative government, preserved
A relic of the patriarchal faith
In th' ancient doctrine of the Promis'd Seed.
Agreeably to popular belief,
To the Messiah he obtain'd a clue
In a rare animal, doom'd to be slain,
Even without the City's Western gate,
And to be succeeded by "a hero
Of great sanctity," one who was to bring
Glad tidings of great joy to ev'ry clime.
On hearing this precursive sacrifice
Was really made, Confucius said, with tears,

* Clemens wrote, "It is highly probable that Pythagoras had been a proselyte of the gate, if not of the Covenant."—"Pantologia," by Good and Gregory, vol. vii.

My doctrine now is ready to decline,
And it " will soon be finally dissolved ; "
For a true legislator is to come,
To whom all philosophic sects must yield.
He left the court, and from his glowing pen,
No more golden axioms dropp'd for those
Who had by thousands hung upon his lips.
There seem'd an under current in his soul,
Which led him on, with interest akin
To Daniel's zeal, and nigh coincident
In point of time, through cycles to compute
When Christ, without Jerusalem's Western gate,
Should suffer death.* In that benighted age,
Had not the Lord a little remnant e'en
In parts impregnable as China's walls ?
In the remotest corners of the earth
Was there not one refracted ray of light ?
Confucius through the mist had caught a glimpse
Of the Redeemer's Advent, and his heart
Eventually was overwhelm'd with joy.

In the prolific works of Greece or Rome,
Is there a single relic, or a ray
Like that, allied to Evangelic Truth ?
Before, or since Christ in Man's nature came
To keep the moral Law and expiate guilt,
Where is an intimation half so clear,
In all the enquiries of the earnest mind,
How fallen " man can e'er be just with God ? "
Oft, now and then, embedded in the lore

* See extract from Faber's " Horæ Mosaicæ " in " Oriental Customs," by Rev. S. Burder, vol. ii.

Of ancient times, a fossil meets the eye
Which scarcely can be named or classified,
And yet it bears some mark which stamps its worth,
Associated with antiquity.
Thus in yon record, legible to all,
The need of an Atonement is engraved;
There, is a buried germ brought into light,
There, is a fossil which deserves a place
Among the most distinguish'd specimens
Of ancient literature. 'Tis evidence
Of borrow'd, glimmering light. Ah, deem it not
A trivial thing; 'tis "knowledge from afar;"
Good tidings to a Mandarin had come,
A voice from yon benighted sphere proclaims,
"Behold the Lamb of God; Behold and live;
Behold, and be at peace. Shadows and types
Of the Mosaic dispensation, made
More shadowy by tradition, here and there,
Imparted to the heathen mind some crude,
Distorted notions of Jehovah's Will,
Which were, through growing commerce, spread abroad:
And might no subject of the Chinese realm,
Stirr'd by th' adventurous spirit of his age,
Roam Westward, and, mid Gentile proselytes,
Imbibe the tenets of the Jewish faith?
In modern times, how sadly Gospel light
Which on its bound'ries dawn'd, has been obscured
By a fanatic movement filled with strife,
Rebellion and their devastating train
Of social ills; while beyond th' Atlantic,
Amid conflicting interests, the scourge

Of civil war, as the essential price
Of Liberty to thousands of our race,
Has been abetted e'en by friends of peace.

Commerce and Navigation, hand in hand,
Most frequently appear; since both these arts
By Carthage from Phenicia were derived:
Then the long struggle of the "Punic Wars"
Produced those early germs in Italy,
Which, on the general wreck of Roman power,
Grew into efflorescence on its coast,
Especially in the Venetian State;
Thence branched through numerous channels, merchandize,
The exuberant growth of which in Christendom,
Has led to avaricious policy,
To dissipation, luxury and pride,
With that abuse of wealth which ruin brings,
E'en as of old in Babylon and Tyre.

In ev'ry age, it was an easy task
For conquest e'en to cross an untried sea;
And the discov'ry of the compass serv'd
To make the path of mariners more plain:
But tardily, improvement of the arts,
Until of late, has been applied to bear
Across the seas, the precious Word of God.
Ah, where is self-denial in the walks
Of daily life, or renunciation
Of display in costliness of raiment,
Furniture, and equipage? At the shrine
Of Commerce, Ah, what vital interests
Are sacrificed: and how unblushingly,

The devastating ravages of war,
It has espoused, *in days of Gospel Light.*
Thus with enlarg'd resources what abuse
Exists in men at war with fellow men,
Straining their ingenuity to waste
The priceless energies of fleeting life ;
Yet these are the unhallow'd shrines at which,
In ev'ry age, victorious nations bow,
And heroes are with fading glory crowned.
Heart-rending scenes obtrude upon the mind,
And on the horizon loom whene'er our troops
Embark for distant shores, tearing away
The flower of many a bright and happy home,
To perish in the strife of warlike pride,
Or in pursuit of fame. On lonely hearts
Sadly the echo falls, adieu, adieu,
As at the given signal to the helm,
All eyes are turned; and from her moorings loos'd,
The vessel with its perill'd crew is launch'd
Upon the furrow'd waves. What numerous links
Between far distant countries, links of love,
Of friendship, or of commerce form the chain,
Which in the skilful navigator's hand,
Stretches across the deep from shore to shore.
Upon the harbour and the crowded wharf,
Let friends of commerce with deep interest gaze :
The produce of the mine and cotton mills,
And stores of sifted grain, with timber freight,
And sundry merchandize, their witness bear
To providential bounty in a land,
And to successful trading o'er the seas.
How waste and lifeless Ocean would appear

Without our merchant vessels on its bound,
Our sailing boats with flag and glist'ning oar,
The floating barks of toiling fishermen ;
And with its cargo of commodious wares
Not without interest is the unwieldy barge
Along its tardy course. But look beyond
The navigator's skill ; for there are bounds
In art as well as science *none can pass ;*
Each link of commerce or of social life
Is rivetted, or is asunder snapp'd,
By Him whose word alone the sea obeys.
Lo, yonder reels upon tempestuous waves
A gallant steamer ; all her masts are gone ;
Brothers and sisters, husbands, wives, and friends,
Each other clasping face their watery grave ;
To weeping parents frighten'd children cling,
And to its mother's heart the babe is press'd.
Ah, some have penn'd a hasty, sad "farewell"
To their bereav'd ones ; and from ev'ry heart,
O what emotions rush, for there's no hope—
A solemn calm and consternation sit
On ev'ry brow, while prayer and exhortation
Still are heard though furious is the storm :
Some in their Bibles a sure anchor find ;
Others who, 'yond this life ne'er weigh'd their hopes,
Like drowning men who seize a floating plank,
Read words till now both strange and little priz'd :
And there are those among them whose fair schemes
For gaining wealth must perish with themselves.
Above the main chains now high billows roll—
The tragic scene is o'er ; all are engulph'd,
Save a small remnant yon sad tale to bear

To those bereft upon two separate shores.
'Tis true "The living know that they shall die,"
Yet few consider death, or are prepared
By faith in the atoning blood of Christ,
To pass the narrow boundary of time.
Out of the depths a voice is lifted up—
Th' earnest Missionary's heart o'erflows
With love to perishing, immortal souls;
For *now, or never*, will his message reach
The unregenerate heart. Captain and Crew,
Himself, his partner, must participate
In that catastrophe: and in the field
Of Missionary effort, equally
With Williams, they too, gloriously fall
Into the arms of death. Hail heroism,
Link'd with precious faith, with hope* triumphant
To the last o'er th' untimely yawning grave.

Fresh witnesses may yet arise to tell
What Williams in the Polynesian Isles
Achiev'd, and 'neath the banner of the Cross,
How th' idols of Rurutu were dethroned,
And how the barb'rous chieftain's heart was won;
How, in the exercise of burning zeal,
'Mid contest fierce, the crown of martyrdom

* Above the roaring waves Mr. Draper's voice prevailed. How solemn his utterance. The Captain of this sinking ship† says *there is no hope;* but the Captain of our Salvation says, *there is hope for all who will flee to Him.* With tears of compassion streaming down his manly face he sought the salvation of all around him.

† The steamer, "London."

Upon his "more abundant labours" shed
A sun-set glory. Thence—and from the grave
Of other champions in the Mission-field,
"The love of Christ constraineth us" vibrates
Upon each sympathetic, yearning breast:
A native labourer, strong in faith, exclaims,
"If a canoe is known to be upset,
Must all canoes be hinder'd going out
For fishing?" What an argument against
Despondency and sloth. Primitive faith
And love, here seen, the mountain can remove.
Oh for the heroism, th' angelic might
Of Apostolic times, thus to obey
The mandate of the Lord. Wheel within wheel,
God's dealings in the kingdoms of the earth,
From the remostest age, through th' intercourse
Of nations, and th' increase of Colonies,
Had been subservient to the spread of truth
In an incipient stage, and shadowy form,
Until that marvellous phenomenon,
Th' Apostle of the Gentiles, was sent forth,
That he his Lord's commission might fulfil,
To gather out a People for His Name.

The widening stream of thought, once but a rill,
Towards the West has turned; and joyously,
In confluence with kindred, genial streams,
Which in its late meanders it had hail'd,
It turns away from Druid Altars, stain'd
With diabolic sacrifice of life,
To the prevailing of the Word of God,
When from the people who in darkness sat

A little flock was gather'd ; and green spots
Began t'adorn the dreary, moral waste.
Greater than national or social change,
Within the bound'ries of the British realm,
'Neath Alfred's sanative and wise control,
Or e'en in the Elizabethan Age,
Is that, which, through the preaching of the Cross,
Extended to the western sons of toil,
When on these shores, in collieries and mines,
Jewels for the Redeemer's crown were found.

As one who watch'd and long'd for dawn,
The Muse has hailed a streak of morn
In British records, when rude verse
Serv'd Truth's memorials to rehearse.
But how obscure in prior time,
Are th' annals of fair Albion's clime,
And o'er the dawn of Gospel light
What mists arise to cloud the sight,
Ere Scripture Truth from foreign shore
Found entrance through an open door.
Light from the primitive Culdee
Rarely avail'd the mind to free
From Druidism, and when this waned
Much superstition still remain'd.

Beneath th' imperial power of Rome
Truth hover'd nigh the Briton's home ;
Of National Liberty bereft,
A little remnant still was left

Who heathen practices abhorr'd,
And had to witness for the Lord:
But nigh extinct 'neath Saxon sway,
Of barbarous conquerors the prey,
Britons no more have name or place,
And their lone relics we must trace
By Cambria's shelt'ring mountain-side,
Or shores wash'd by th' Atlantic tide.
In their remote, secure retreat,
The independent Celts we greet;
The storm had o'er the Lowlands swept,
But God His hidden ones had kept,
In a dark region to give light
Through a long, drear, and starless night:
The land 'neath idol worship groan'd,
God's curse the exiled Church bemoan'd,
And universal havoc, waste,
Endearing mem'ries nigh effaced.

Time was when at the Druid's shrine
  Our rude ancestors bowed;
And to the gods of heathen tribes
  Their firm allegiance vowed.

Satan, the angler for men's souls,
  Had nigh secured his prey;
And ruled the fairest of our race
  With undisputed sway.

'Twas Polynesian savageness,
  Which grace alone could quell;
And there, impervious darkness reign'd
  Truth only could dispel.

But in the rugged Saxon mind
  There ran a golden vein;
The love of melody prevailed,
  Song could his heart enchain.

The minstrelsy of Sacred Truth
  Wild passions quickly hush'd;
The war-cry ceased to rend the air,
  Heroic pride was crush'd.

Touch'd by the magnet of the Cross,
  There, reading "God is Love,"
Men cruel, fierce, learnt to imbibe
  The spirit of the dove.

Gregory was a steadfast, guiding light
On the Italian shore 'mid moral blight;
Gross darkness mantled European climes,
When he revived the hope of better times,
And partially dispers'd the gathering shades
Of bigotry, which learned men degrades
Below the level of the multitude,
Whom blinded guides too easily delude.
Through Rome's slave-market he aforetime pass'd,
And wistful eye on youthful Angles cast;
"How beautiful!" haply of noble birth:
O'erpow'ring thought! The Immortal spirit's worth

His vision fill'd. These "Angles" angels seem,
Christ died that such from ire He might redeem.
On mercy's errand long his mind was bent,
And from this little seedling the event
Of Austin's mission sprang, and heirs of grace
Were by him gather'd from a pagan race.

Beneath the tall white cliffs which rear their heads
Above fair Albion's shore a vessel spreads
Its glist'ning sail. Ah what is looming there?
Men, women, children to the shore repair:
Is it some fresh marauding northern band?
And thus surprised, who shall their force withstand?
"Ah will these plunder and our homesteads burn?"
"What we have done will justice now return?"
"The injured rights of Britons shall we keep,"
"The embittering fruits of conquests must we reap?"

Oh fear not, favour'd Anglo-Saxon race,
They come the foe within your breasts to chase,
Stern Justice o'er your heads unsheath'd her blade,
But on her banner Truth long since displayed,
Sin is forgiven, and man is justified,
And Mercy's arms to you are opened wide.
Righteousness, peace, with holiness combined,
In covenant grace around the Cross are twined;
Good tidings let the ransom'd Angles sing,
Let hill and vale with Alleluias ring.
O, hail for England, an auspicious morn;
Her "exodus is there;" hail early dawn

Of grace in Bertha and in Ethelbert,
For thence our favour'd shores with Truth were girt.
The priest—the noble—hail'd its genial ray,
And God for mission work prepared the way.
A blessing was on Austin's mission pour'd,
The doctrine of th' atonement was restored;
To tell abroad salvation for the lost
Th' ambassador of peace yon ocean cross'd;
And in those olden times 'tis sweet to trace
The embryo of simple Gospel grace,
Without the foil of meretricious lore
Developed on the continental shore.
There was an impulse to awaken'd hearts
Which nothing but the Cross of Christ imparts;
The land so long of godliness devoid,
Life, peace, and Christian liberty enjoyed
And at the first arose men free from guile,
Who Romish tenets ne'er could reconcile
With Truth, which made them and their children free;
But in the north, opposed by bigotry,
They yielded to "the power of the keys;"
Kings, prelates, bowed before the pope's decrees;
In Lindisfarne pure doctrine was effaced,
And to Iona Truth her steps retraced.
Good seed had been by Patrick earlier sown
In the Emerald Isle, and Truth there clearly shone
In many monuments of saving grace,
But how it waned, alas, how from its place
Its candlestick the righteous Judge removed,
And mark'd th' unfaithfulness He thus reproved.
O England, that beneath God's tender care
Hast grown up like a cedar, tall and fair,

Who made thee to differ? all might ask,
That thou should so in heavenly favour bask:
What nation on the earth is like our own?
Hail Gospel Truth, and Christ the corner-stone
Of th' edifice within thy borders, hail!
In vain shall foes the little flock assail,
In vain the sure foundation seek to raze,
Maintain'd through conflict in those evil days
When godless rulers, both in Church and State,
Against Christ's servants were confederate.
A Deuteronomy to us belongs,
And we, like Israel, in memorial songs,
God's loving-kindness may afar rehearse,
His works proclaiming in melodious verse.

SECTION III.

The Ministry of Sacred Song,

IN CŒDMAN'S POEM ON CREATION, HIS METRICAL BIBLE, &c.

In the precursor of the learned Bede,
Behold the poet scattering precious seed;
The fallow ground unweariedly they till'd,
And each at Truth's pure fount his urn had fill'd;
Here is the nucleus of sacred lore,
The strength, the ornament of Albion's shore;
Oh that the offspring of the poet's dream
Were always such as Cœdman's lofty theme.

A stranger while he slept
Had o'er him vigil kept,
And gently bade him tune his lyre and sing;
Embarrass'd, he declines,
And want of skill assigns;
But in his soul such thrilling echoes ring,
He meekly asks, "What would you have me sing?"

"Sing of the wondrous birth,
Both of the heavens and earth;
The origin of all things here below,
O'erpowering though it seem,
Is now to be thy theme:"
O favour'd minstrel, thou art soon to know,
From North to South thy songs melodious flow.

"Creation" fresh from God
As yet by foes untrod,
In bright conception fills the peasant's eye;
Oh, what a glowing scene—
Earth in her robe of green,
Beneath an azure, softly tinted sky,
With streaks of gold and hues of every dye.

He wakes from sweet repose,
And still the picture glows;
By faith he understands the worlds were made;
His soul is on the wing,
He cannot choose but sing;
Light o'er his spirit has emerg'd from shade,
Oh, can th' enrapturing vision ever fade?

Such glorious prophecies
Are open'd to his eyes,
He sees depicted in the sacred page
A lustre greater far
Than that of sun or star,
And revelations of a better age
His waking and his sleeping thoughts engage.

Truth in th' abbey of Jarrow marks
  The studious youthful Bede;
And wails th' influence of the papal see
  O'er his religious creed.

Still how he labours to explore
  The wonders of her mine;
And in his mental efforts she observes
  The budding of the vine.

With Cœdman, he to kindred themes
  The harp loves to attune;
And at Truth's feet, her handmaid, sacred verse,
  Gems, flowers, and fruits has strewn.

When Truth arrived on Albion's shore,
She found *through song* an open door;
And it became her pioneer,
O'er rugged places wild and drear.
The pastor Aldhelm mourns the bane
Of worldly cares, which still enchain
The souls whom he desires to win,
From subtle paths of cherish'd sin.

Beyond vain earth to turn their eyes,
An artless stratagem he tries;
Round him he draws the wayward throng
And captivates their hearts with song;
Responsive are the notes of birds,
Yonder repose the bleating herds,
While on the bridge o'er Avel's stream,
Lit by a quiv'ring golden beam,

In minstrel's guise, by zephyrs fanned,
His lyre he sweeps with skilful hand:
He sings heroic, valiant deeds,
But lo, the clash of arms recedes;
He turns from fading wreaths of glory,
And rises to Redemption's story.
The price on Calvary paid he lauds—
Oh, how it tells in thrilling chords;
If preaching had so powerless been
'Neath sacred song, how chang'd the scene.

"Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
He died—He rose—in yonder skies
He lives, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
His triumphs only will we sing:
His foe too long has ruled our isle;
May he no more your souls beguile;
Flee from the wrath to come, for He,
The Prince of Life now sets you free,
With Alleluia sweep the lyre,
Extol his love, and never tire;
Let Ælla's subject waft abroad
The honour of their heavenly Lord:
His praises waft o'er hill and vale,
The joyful sound let myriads hail—
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Could eloquence or sweet melody serve
The armed strong man e'er to bind,
Could they avail his dominion to shake
Within the barbarian's mind?

Stroke upon stroke on those adamant chains
  Must fall from the Arm of the Lord,
While on the anvil the hammer repeats
  The trumpet blast sound of His Word.

Lo, the *minstrel* looks round—tears have now gush'd
  In yon barb'rous warrior's eye;
Oh how he hastes to pour balm on those wounds,
  And proclaim good-will from on high:
Within his own heart such melody dwells
  That it flows into every phrase;
And sympathy bears each list'ner along,
  While the banner of Truth he displays.

The Christian Muse is one born from above,
And in the atmosphere of Truth and Love
The soul alone can breathe, or think, or soar,
And on Faith's wing th' ideal world explore,
Above the mists of speculation wild,
And with a conscience pure and undefiled:
The yoke of Christ, the faithful Christian Muse,
Before the worldlings laurels e'er will choose:
Within the imagery of the mind
Truth's pictures are with fadeless flowers twined;
Melodious themes of olden times abound,
And from her everlasting hills resound.
She oft from heavenly objects lifts the veil,
And with her friends beneath auspicious gale,
Th' exploring mind shares in the richest spoil.
The ripen'd fruit of unremitting toil,
What pleasant things of varied form and hue
Truth from oblivion drew forth to their view;

On flowers and fossils strew'd at Wisdom's gate,
To teach the meek she deigns t'expatiate:
She solves each question, topics she selects,
And that which would not profit she rejects;
As on a glowing summer evening sky
Harmony reigns in hues of varied dye,
Soothing, congenial meditation blends
With bright memorials of departed friends;
All with one heart and eye upon the goal,
The portion meet for a capacious soul.

The Muse from Truth's vocabulary draws
Language not fettered by Art's rigorous laws;
Through silver network shines her golden fruit,
Faint hearts with words in season to recruit:
Wisdom on Poetry has set her seal
In her proverbial sayings on the wheel,
And unimpell'd, clear thoughts should roll along
The even road of pure and pleasant song.

Church History has noticed many a star
In leading men, whose light has shone afar;
Philanthropy can boast of men so wise
That they alone a nation aggrandize;
But Truth, of yore, sought rather in the shade
Her golden sheaves—the ripening ear or blade:
The hermit nestled in a shelt'ring rock
Preserved of old the hereditary stock
Of Sacred Lore, and gems have oft been found
Upon the river's brink, or under ground
In the débris of towns made desolate
By plund'ring hordes for spoil insatiate;

Or by untraceable convulsive shock
Securely shelved upon the barren rock.
Oft in a casket deem'd of little worth,
Buried in darkest regions of the earth,
Truth claim'd the time-worn mutilated page,
The living relic of her golden age :
'Twas destined to survive the wrecks of Time,
And to be register'd in distant clime,
Though northern depredation, like a blast,
Nigh swept away all record of the past
From the high places of the Roman earth,
And spread around a mental, moral dearth.

Painting and Sculpture to attain their end
On an interpreter must oft depend ;
But Poetry without such aid displays
The stores of literature in bygone days :
Alas, that in its course towards the West,
Deteriorated knowledge served t' infest
The seminaries growing up for youth,
Which both perverted and obscured the Truth.

Hail then each tributary mountain rill
Designed of old its mission to fulfil,
Wise axioms—pure doctrine to diffuse—
Welcome, thou helpmeet of the toiling muse,
Who for the varying phases of old Time,
In epic form or in familiar rhyme,
Desire would cherish kindred with their own
That seeds of Truth might be more widely sown.

THE ANCHORITE OF PATMOS.

AMID the isles of the Ægean sea,
In classic history famed, 'mid those once bless'd
With Gospel Truth, a halo gathered round
The rocky heights of Patmos, for the feet
Of one, who, exiled among labourers
In the mines, still basked in th' unveil'd glory
Of his blest risen and exalted Lord,
Those sands had trod, that barren steep had climb'd;
There, visions of millennial blessedness,
There, the black drapery of judicial wrath,
Along with crashing trumpet blast, heavings
Of the Euphratean river, loosing
Of Angels, on the Prophetic platform
Filled th' anointed eye of th' Evangelist.

An adventurer on that dreary coast,
And a true lover of antiquity,
Resorting to that memorable spot,
By moral darkness and sterility
Surrounded, far as the exploring eye
Could reach, the rock had scaled, when, marvellous
To tell, he saw some homely cots below,
"In a very pleasant valley shaded
With tall pine trees," and the crystal waters
Of a fine rivulet flowed gracefully
With emblematic pureness. A summons
To th' inhabitants was given; when, behold,

An august and venerable figure
Walked from the middle of the highest shed;
His head was silver'd o'er with flowing locks,
Which, like his graceful, Oriental beard,
Were white as mountain snow; his countenance,
Though serious, was open, cheerful, bright,
Yet wearing a majestic gravity.
With sandals on his feet, in a long robe
Attir'd, bearing a scroll; slowly, composed,
As he advanced, what a reminiscence
Of the Evangelist before him moved!
Mutual salutations were exchanged;
But with the Greek and Hebrew tongues alone
Acquainted, 'twas by signs far more than words
That converse was sustained: yet, heart to heart
Answer'd as face to face; and invited
To a turfy seat round his little cot,
He gathered fragments of his history,
And such experience of the love of Christ
As, in that solitude sublime, outweighed
The costliest sacrifice of earthly things.
But whence that scroll, and what were the contents
O'er which he seem'd in meditation deep
When thus arous'd? To th' aged anchorite,
Who, for professing Christianity,
Much suff'ring in his native land endured,
And in Patmos was exiled, oh listen.

* With a heart by sorrow torn,
And by persecution worn.

* The Anchorite's annotation on the back of the manuscript.

In Patmos desolate, wild, and bleak,
A resting place where could I seek?
Three lonely days here I had spent,
When, as beneath the rocks I bent
My steps, I found a cave and seat,
Hewn in the stone, once the retreat
(I guess'd), of pilgrims like myself;
And looking up, lo, on a shelf
Cut likewise in the stone, there lay
To stormy winds and waves a prey,
The Scriptures in a written scroll,
And oh what joy then o'er me stole;
There was a manuscript conceal'd—
The writer well had learnt to wield
The Holy Spirit's two edg'd sword,
Nor vain such labour in the Lord,
Will prove, dear reader, e'en to thee,
If in these pages thou canst see,
Thy state by nature, thy soul's need,
And on redeeming love canst feed.
God's Oracles dost thou believe?
Its truths, then in this gem receive,
This treasure I to HIM commend
Who only knows the special end
For which it fell beneath my eye,
And HE for this will means supply:
Regard it as a sacred trust,
Oh, prize it, love it, child of dust.

Fountain of Glory! source of Truth and Grace!
From each kindred, tongue, and nation,
From all thy creatures let Thy praise ascend
In each corner of Creation.

Her matron and her guide in youth.
Moments there were when she awoke,
To wail stern superstition's yoke
In cloisters and monastic cells,
In fastings, beads, and mystic spells.
Then in baronial blazoned halls,
Or mid the pomp of palace walls,
She pandered to the morbid taste
Of glittering circles which she graced,
To captivate with syren song
The jewell'd and voluptuous throng;
And while her theme stole o'er the sense
It banished sound intelligence.

Far brighter, happier was her lot
When in the lowly rural cot,
Or in a wild sequester'd nook
She listen'd to the vocal brook,
And to the warbling of the bird
Where none but kindred sounds were heard;
Or to the requiem of the waves
Echoed afar o'er martyrs' graves.
Ah, there she met Truth's piercing glance,
And woke to thought as from a trance;
She wing'd her way 'mid ocean's roar,
Far as the Galilean shore,
Recall'd how seed, which Truth had sown,
Must wither in the heart of stone;
And keen remorse her soul nigh crush'd
While tears of penitence thence gush'd.

'Twas haply in those by-gone years
When Britain's shore was moist with tears,

CONTRITION.

By widows and by orphans shed
O'er those who for the Truth had bled;
And Christians met for prayer and praise,
The minstrel sang her simplest lays
Beneath the firmament's open vault,
The honour of the Cross to exalt;
Relentless persecution raged—
The wrath of man was unassuaged;
The church without the camp was found,
The trumpet gave a certain sound.
Oh then it was, driven into shade,
In unfrequented cave or glade,
With tremulous but contrite strain,
Poetry greeted Truth again!
In notes responsive to the blast
She thus bewail'd the mournful past.

Blest Truth, I have wander'd from thee,
  What a slave have I been;
With thee for my Guide I was free,
  And could e'er on thee lean.

Loved Truth, to the Cross I still cling,
  Though I left my first love;
Blest Saviour, now draw out the sting
  From the heart of thy dove.

On me look, and spurn not my prayer,
  Peace, O haste to impart;
For thy frown I never can bear,
  Ah, tis breaking my heart.

Pure Truth on high her banner reared,
For 'mid the wheat the tares appeared;
False, baseless schemes the Muse had tried,
And these were spreading far and wide,
Through literature and classic taste,
Which only deck'd a moral waste.
Truth listen'd to her contrite strains,
And joy thrill'd in her glowing veins;
Christ's love she ceased not to extol
It kindled hope—it fired her soul,
While mysteries, which she tried to sound,
Had revelation for their bound;
Salvation's joyful sound was heard
In faithful preaching of God's word;
And Poetry was Truth's ally,
But Truth still watch'd with jealous eye
The progress of the liberal arts,
Pursued by men of brilliant parts;
Although, communities to bind,
And matter to inform with mind,
Is beautiful in wisdom's ways,
And 'neath her mild benignant rays,
All those who use their gifts aright
Shall be endued with further light.
For ages past in Albion's land
Men groaned beneath the iron hand
Of bigotry's despotic reign—
To Church and State a fiendish bane:
The Key of Knowledge misapplied,
Could only minister to pride;
'Twas hidden from the eye of youth
Lest they should choose the yoke of Truth;

Till sacred literature revived
Where Poetry her stores had hived
In many oblivious gems of thought,
In rich mosaic finely wrought;
In hermitage or cloister'd cell,
Where Truth some old disciple's well
With living water had supplied,
Which darkness could no longer hide.
Oh, how the Muse loved to embalm
Each relic of a fruitful palm.

PORTRAITURE OF LUTHER.

When Luther with gigantic might o'erleap'd
The fences and the rubbish Rome had heap'd,
Poetic fervour marked his whole career
To th' utmost bound'ry of his widening sphere.
His fine imagination, sanctified,
A lever proved, when in Truth's cause applied;
While other needful qualities combined
To revolutionize the world of mind,
And in the precincts of fair Albion's land
By him the glimm'ring light of Truth was fanned.
Caparison'd with helmet, sword, and shield,
He e'er was foremost in the battle field;

He knew Omnipotence was on his side,
And girt about with Truth, his foes defied.
The cause was Christ's and what had he to fear?
The voice of God the slumb'ring land must hear,
The paths of learning for great ends he trod,
And in the German tongue, the Word of God
He rendered, and from Papal fetters freed
The national mind; for this, the greatest need
Of man, estranged from God the source of rest,
How deeply had he felt in his own breast.

Throughout a course so mark'd by toil and strife,
He prized the social joys of Christian life:
Psalmody oft allayed the inward smart
Of troubles which like arrows pierc'd his heart;
And on his rugged path like dew distilled,
For truly he was with the Spirit filled.

Behold this dauntless champion of the faith
Bewailing o'er his child th' approach of death;
From a beloved daughter he must part,
And how the prospect rends the hero's heart.
O what shall stem the torrent of his grief
O'er that once green, now wither'd falling leaf?
He sees afar the rising of the Just—
"Awake and sing all ye that dwell in dust,"
Vibrates upon his heart strings, full and clear,
With Christ's own saying "they that sleep shall hear;"
And with this hope his furrow'd countenance glows,
Re-union in the Lord yields sweet repose.

THE GODLY HERBERT.

Th' eccentric Herbert of peculiar mould,
For wit and piety has been enrolled
Among the literati of his time
Although th' exotic of a purer clime.
The child of many tears and prayers he grew
A fruitful tree, and flowers of various hue
Its stem encircling rich aromas pour'd
On all the learning he with care had stored.
With Bacon by his side he lov'd t' explore
The labyrinths of philosophic lore:
And while the favour of the wise he earn'd,
It had been well if genius there had learn'd
To "press the grape more lightly." Then deep thought
Had been sublime, and yet not overwrought.
But let the reader tenderly o'erlook
The inequalities which mark a book
Laid by its author low before the Cross,
Since there he learn'd all things t' esteem as dross.

THE EAGLE MUSE.

Milton, thy words were heard, "Hail, holy Light!"
By supernatural power, things unreveal'd
To eye or ear, burst on thy mental sight
Clearer than ere those orbs of sense were seal'd.

Ah, though of Arian heresy accused
  Truth had pervaded thy melodious strain;
And in thy spirit deeply had infused
  Her antidote for that wide spreading bane.

Exploring genius, free from all restraint,
  Fetch'd "knowledge from afar," and treasures brought
None else in glowing verse so well could paint,
  Embalming deep, imperishable thought.

I see thee nestled amid fruitful palms
  Though born in days of anarchy and strife;
And like an ancient oak with unscathed arms,
  Oh, what could touch the springs of hidden life?

I shrink before thy vast colossal mind
  Which in its sphere is like a central star;
For climes remote and near it seems design'd,
  And thou beyond this land hast shone afar.

Truth suffer'd thee to glean on classic shore
  Her mountain grains of gold interr'd in sand,
And in her crucible the mass of ore
  Was separated by her skilful hand.

She had reserved for thee "things new and old;"
  Gave thee those eagle pinions, sped thy flight,
That she might to thy intellect unfold
  More than when mortal vision hail'd the light.

THE PRINCE OF ALLEGORY.

WHO has not felt the charm of Bunyan's dream ?
Can genius with unenvious eye esteem
Such wealth of mind, in outward low estate,
Which, like a merchant ship of costly freight,
Was launched upon the stormy sea of life,
Amid the elements of moral strife ?
Surely from heaven he had a high behest,
And surging billows he resolved to breast
Until he should arrive at Beulah's land
With angel escort 'mid the pilgrim band,
From blade, and ear, to sheaves of ripened grain,
Rich fruit of past'ral labour not in vain.

Though in his time a byword was his name,
E'en lukewarm Christians now admit his claim
To intellectual power, to common sense,
With ev'ry mark of high intelligence :
His truthful col'ring, his poetic fire,
In his descriptions might excite desire
Within an atheist's breast to reach that mark
Which he, alas, is seeking in the dark.
The Poetry of Truth had shed its hue
O'er all he touched, and every line was true
In the bright pictures of his copious mind,
Where things unseen were through things seen defined :
Thus with an artist's and a poet's skill,
His pilgrim's way o'er plain, or rugged hill,

In joy or grief, 'mid friends or bitter foes,
All with appropriate imagery glows.
From nature graphical details he drew,
And in a jail he more excursive grew:
The mind was free, and man could not expel
The light of heaven from that honor'd cell:
Ah no; *there* was the focus of those rays
Which lit his path in Wisdom's pleasant ways;
By faith in Christ his heart was purified,
While Truth with Poetry walked by his side;
Unlike phenomena on history's page,
The comets of a dark, misguided age,
He steadily revolved around the sun,
His course was finished and the crown was won.

To mere spectators in this lower sphere
Oft how mysterious must that course appear;
His energy—his ardour was most rare,
Such natural, strong affections many share:
The farewell blessing and the outstretched hand
O'er his blind child who would not understand:
Where is the heart that sympathy witholds?
But corresponding grace alone unfolds
Those bright realities by faith discern'd,
Gilding the scenes where grief to joy is turned.
The drapery of the picture charms the eye
As earth recedes, and Beulah's land draws nigh;
But of each reader who the tale admires
Its author with a deathless voice inquires
Beneath this Allegory canst thou trace
Thine interest in a saving work of grace?

From the slumber of sin, John Bunyan awoke,
And turn'd from "the course of this world;"
The ploughshare of Truth pass'd over his heart,
And in how many ways a fiery dart
Was oft from the Wicked One hurled.

In a time-worn book, his desire was met
While he read of a parallel case;
Luther's experience reflected his own,
And how light in darkness, there had been sown,
At the Cross beaming forth in free grace.

In a desperate conflict, oh what did he hear?
Christ's blood hast thou ever refused
To justify thee? No, Lord, I could plead,
And *wilt* Thou not still for me intercede,
Though grace I so oft have abused?

Oh, 'twas only one look at Christ on the Cross
Had loosen'd the burden of sin;
Which into the mouth of the sepulchre fell,
And his bosom expanding with rapturous swell,
He exclaimed, Christ, now, I shall win!

Three shining ones there, whisper'd peace to his heart,
And rejoicing he went on his way;
What loving John saw, he on record believ'd,
Full justification to life he received,
And *his* night was turn'd into day.

In his cell he passed through the Slough of Despond,
There, too, "Ebenezer" he rear'd;
Lo, from the wave of the bright "lilied Ouse,"
His Mary, confessing her Saviour, he views,
And how his worn spirit is cheer'd.

In his Bible, and rose-bush, O what delight!
And how pleasant to gaze on that stream,
As he toil'd for his lov'd ones day after day,
Till, with lengthening shadows, the sun-set ray
Stole vividly into his dream.

* * * * * *

Again he dreams—again he ponders o'er
The chequer'd way which leads to Beulah's shore;
In softer hues he paints the pilgrim-life,
Far from a world of vanity and strife:
The moonbeam, which once lit his prison walls,
Now, on the cottage group benignly falls;
In the home circle, joy past griefs has chased,
And a more social, smoother path is traced
For earnest Mercy, of one mind and heart
With Christiana, in the better part:
In ev'ry phase of life the line is drawn
Between whate'er is of the Spirit born,
And that which from the flesh can only spring,
For who can from this fount sweet waters bring?
Passive and active graces he combines
In ev'ry character which he defines;
Nor could he easily exhaust the theme
Of his more vigorous and earlier dream.

The hidden inner life depicted here
Is universal in the Christian sphere;
The pilgrim's conflicts vividly portrayed
With distribution wise of light and shade,
To Faithful, Christian, Hopeful, not confined,
Are for development of grace designed.
The mighty change in Bunyan's spirit wrought
In hidden avenues of subtle thought,
Has oft been ponder'd o'er, and scrutinized
By learned critics who his genius prized;
But few could estimate this polish'd stone,
Or the pure Gospel's sovereign influence own
Like Hamilton, who in Truth's rays would bask,
And found it a remunerative task,
The details of that wondrous change to trace,
Which magnified the power of saving grace.
To one who felt "religion as a life"
Within himself, so adverse to all strife;
Of mind so genial, so detached from earth,
In the dry roots of criticism what dearth—
But what a luxury yon illumin'd dream,
Or the blest calm retreat of Baxter's theme.*
Hail Owen, Milton, Bunyan, names enroll'd
With valiant nonconformists of Christ's fold,
And faithful servants of a later date,
Who no partition-wall could tolerate.
Where henceforth shall the Prophet's mantle fall?
Where find a Sibbs, a Jewel, Leighton, Hall?
Where is the unction of those godly men—
Of Marsh, and Stewart, Simeon, and Venn?

* See "Christian Classics," by Dr. Hamilton, vol. ii., pages 288 & 73.

G.

SECTION IV.

Revival of Gospel Truth.

THE following age produced a kindred band
Whose minstrelsy refresh'd the thirsty land ;*
In mines and coal pits notes of praise resounded ;
The peasant's inmost soul with joy rebounded ;
Watts's and Wesley's hymns o'er hill and plain,
In hamlet, factory town, or dusky lane,
Arose like incense from a multitude
'Mong those who once destruction's path pursued ;
In Sanctuaries, oft too by the way side,
The living bread and water were supplied ;
Abandon'd sinners turn'd unto the Lord,
Resistless were the arrows of His Word ;
What might in preaching, rebels to disarm,
To wound, to heal, to break the deadly calm
Of national torpor, like a dark'ning pall
Spread o'er the Church, Cathedral, College hall ;
Th' air of "ascetic quietism" it wore,
And to a publish'd Gospel closed the door :
How adverse to the warm diffusive rays,
Which struggled through the thick surrounding haze

* During the great Revival in the middle of the 18th century.

In Doddridge, Beveridge, Watts, though not in vain
Its standard they had labor'd to maintain.
" Wesley was system, and Whitefield was soul "
Whose lips were touch'd as by an altar coal.
In polish'd circles Truth might then preside,*
Rank gave to *Sacred Song* reception wide,
And step by step its mission in the field
Of evangelic labour was reveal'd.
Truth and her handmaid Poesy look'd round
And diligently till'd the arid ground;
Or both in Church and State rebuking pride,
The maxims of the world they laid aside,
The light Christ's faithful servants could not hide.

SANCTIFIED GENIUS.

WIDE was the enquiry "Who will show us good ?
When Newton and the Bard of Underwood
Combined the Gospel to exemplify,
And like angelic heralds in the sky,
They sang together of redeeming grace,
And reigning moral darkness sought to chase.
Cowper the art of Poesy refined,
And 'mid the aberrations of his mind
Which Newton so pathetically rues,
The loftiest vocation of his muse

* See the Coronet and the Cross; or, Memorials of the Countess of Huntingdon. Partridge & Co.

Is that alone, which yielded him repose,
His waning strength renew'd and soothed his woes;
Yea, while the "stricken deer" his wound deplores
Jesus, once slain, his soul to health restores.
Devoted to the ministry of Song,
Defending what was right, reproving wrong,
Man's favour for a while he could afford
To risk, and treasures which he could not hoard
Exub'rantly were lavished on the stage
Of literature; and Truth in many a page
Shone in his works; enlighten'd were his eyes
By that which carnal reason least would prize:
His love of Truth and nature were innate—
For lack of these, ah, what can compensate?

Truly anomalous seems the poet's course
When Homer was his favourite resource;
'Tis an oasis from such thoughts to turn
And see Truth's altar fire within him burn,
Amid the genial sympathies of life,
Far from the scenes of bloodshed and of strife.
Here, from the miry clay behold him rise,
Aloft he holds communion with the skies;
He sinks—but Newton can his hopes confirm,
Acknowledging himself a feeble worm;
Tremulous chords, vibrating o'er their hearts,
Reveal the mutual joy which faith imparts,
Hearts thus knit what outward change could sever?
The love here kindled shall endure for ever,
And jointly shall their mingled songs proclaim
The melody breathed in the Saviour's name. *

* In the Olney Hymns.

RESPONSE

To a Sonnet by JOHN D. WORGAN, *written in a Grotto containing the Busts of illustrious Heroes.*

To thy pure genius, classic, and refined,
  Absorbing, captivating was the sight
  Of "Albion's Heroes deck'd with guerdons bright,"
In natural and artistic beauty shrined.
But whence that pause, that sigh o'er sons of fame?
  Ah, as Christ's soldier, who *there* could enrol
Before "a wond'ring world" his "boasted name?"
  Who weigh'd the cost of his immortal soul?
The hollow sentiment refined by art—
  The love of glory, thou hadst learnt t'eschew;
The grace of God expell'd it from thy heart,
"Old things were pass'd away—all things were new:"
Blest Muse 'yond inward warfare—'yond this world of strife,
Hail thy bright fadeless guerdon, e'en a Crown of Life.

NOTE.—J. D. Worgan writing in a depressed state of mind to the Rev. T. T. Biddulph, concludes thus, "What I dread more than these mental tumults is the deadly calm of a delusive peace."

How oft is Genius, in Truth's garden rear'd,
Like summer foliage prematurely sear'd;
Its type upon the literary stage,
For great attainments at an early age,
Serenely shone in Worgan and Kirk White,
When on their earthly prospects fell a blight
Which nipped th' exuberant buds that looked so fair,
And promised to reward maternal care.
The idol Intellect, so soon dethron'd,
Was for a season bitterly bemoan'd;
But *faith in Jesus* quenched the love of fame,
And both departed glorying in His name:
Oh *favour'd* bard, ere finish'd was thy race,
In Jesus thou hadst found thy "Hiding-place."*

The muse a contrast wails, loth to descend
And note the "wretchedness" of Byron's end:†
Oft o'er the Sacred Page his keen eye glanced;
By imagery there he was entranced;
He felt the powers of the world to come,
Earth's boundaries he scanned yet found no home;
He piled delusive hopes upon the sand,
And strove the surging billows to withstand;
Thought might be sublimated in his flight,
Or wrapped his soul in heavy, starless night.
The arrow-pierced eagle shocks survived;—
Presumptuously then, his genius dived:

* One of H. K. White's poems is entitled "The Hiding-place."

† See Pollock's "Course of Time." Book iv., page 108.

And from his native land—from foreign shore
A beacon long its vivid flame will pour.
Ah 'twas a leap for erring man too bold
"Darkness visible" to glimpse—nay—t'unfold!

Though painful was the task to separate
The precious from the vile; and, *Truth* to state,
Pollock's pure genius nobly scorned disguise,
And by *Heaven's rule*, he shining talent tries;
He seems upon an eminence to stand,
And, in the vapours of a marshy land,
He views miasma's noxious atmosphere,
And population gaunt are in the rear.
Things sacred and profane can never blend—
The soul must rise to God, or must descend.*

Pollock to brilliant imagery soars,
And o'er the ruin its luxuriance pours
With overflowing heart and lavish hand,
Though on a structure built upon the sand;
And veiled by pity in "The Course of Time,"
'Tis genius stripped of honour in its prime:
Can friends of Truth exult in intellect
With nought but perishable laurels deck'd?
Byron the spirit of Kirke White admired;
Would that to kindred hope he had aspired!
Oh that *Truth's healing waters*, as of yore,
To Poesy more widely might restore
That hidden life within the human soul
Which flows from *One who wounds* but to make whole

* For an impartial view of Byron's poetry, see "The History of English Literature," by Joseph Angus, M.A., D.D., pages 247, 248.

IMAGINATION, fallen from God and Truth,
Was but a wilderness of vast extent
In mist envelop'd; oft, alas, the haunt
Of fiendish thoughts injected by the foe,
Who either making tumult in the soul,
Or burying all its faculties in sloth,
In Truth's domain tyrannic power assum'd;
Nought in that alienated tenure grew
But poisonous, wild gourds which semblance bore
To pleasant fruit: but was the foe of God
And man the blighted heritage to keep?
Alas, in poesy how has he weav'd
His finest and his most ensnaring web,
There painting in the chambers of his mind
The desert's mirage: for words in season
He can counterfeit, and his fiery darts
Mid air he hurl'd: but from her armoury
Truth display'd her shield, and green hallow'd spots
In the wide wilderness she fenc'd around;
Her labourers of various stature, age,
And rank she chose to cultivate the Art
Of "making melody unto the Lord."
Oh! blessed are those servants who e'er stand
Before her, or like swift-wing'd messengers
In each department of the Church of Christ,
Are kindling altar fire, bearing witness,
Sounding the alarm, rallying forces
In the defence of injured Gospel Truth.

' Twasto avenge the wrongs of one,
  Allother clans, in days of yore,
Were rallied by the "red fire cross,"
  And beacons gleam'd aloft on Highland shore ;
Those feudal, chivalrous tribes apprising
Of an immediate general rising.

And shall not followers of the Lord
  Compacted grow through Love's strong bands ?
Oh, rear aloft our beacon lights,
  Aid and confirm each other's hearts and hands.
United are we to Him cleaving,
And victory o'er Truth's foes achieving !

THOUGHTS

Suggested by Dr. H. Bonar's *verses entitled "The Two Prophets."*

Our gifted Minstrel of the North,
    Upon the literary stage,
In faithful characters has drawn
    "The Prophet and the Poet of the Age ;"
Depicting Love and Beauty blended
Within the mind, long train'd and tended
    By the hand of Truth.

Mong men of speculative thought,
Who paths of literature adorn,
'Tis only here and there he finds
The Prophet and the Poet of the MORN:
Outside the mass of writing—reading,
He hears the voice of nature pleading
Th' injured rights of Truth.

Like banner'd army terrible,
"Fair as the Moon—clear as the Sun,"
Christ's members, purchased by His blood,
In loving fellowship with Him are one;
Along the pathway of uprightness,
Christ's Bride is robed with crystal brightness,
"Walking in the Truth"

E'en this enlighten'd age demands
Scholars in Christian armour girt;
Undaunted Champions of the Faith,
In battle with the general foe, expert:
Mid useful plans, with zeal o'erflowing,
Who for eternity is sowing
Uncorrupted Truth?

"What is the chaff unto the wheat?"
'Mong those of philosophic mould,
Or 'mong the Poets who have tried,
Moral and natural excellence t'unfold,
The field of knowledge fencing, weeding,
To human systems not conceding,
Few contend for Truth.

IMAGINATION'S inlets guard,
And airy phantoms thence expel;
The myths of rationalism spurn—
Without the kernel what avails the shell?
Turn from the tree of knowledge blighted—
Wherefore is faithful counsel slighted
In the defence of Truth?

Behold the slave of mental toil
Amassing volumes pile on pile;
With shatter'd health—with frenzied brain,
What serves the Poet's or the Prophet's *style?*
O for a draught from Bethlehem's fountain,
Or stream that gush'd from Horeb's mountain—
From the Rock of Truth!

RESPONSE

To MONTGOMERY *on the Molehill.*

AT the sight of a Molehill what excursive thought—
Bygone ages exploring, the Muse vainly sought
In proud warriors, in sages, one glimmering ray
Of the Hope which e'er chases death's terrors away.

'Mong the names of the mighty, the Poet could find
Only one, that was worthy of being enshrined
In enduring rememberance—'twas Alfred the Sage,
Both the Hero and Seer—the "watchword of his Age."

'Tis not only in temples with glittering dome,
In the vaulted mausoleum envelop'd in gloom,
Man is taught that the beggar and king on his throne
With the dust alike mingle, "in dishonour sown."

In a *Molehill* the poet has lifted the veil,
And whate'er be man's station, life wanes as a tale:
For what end is he lab'ring while yet 'tis day-light,
To what port is he bound ere o'ertaken by night?

From the myriads scatter'd throughout the wide earth
Turn'd to dust, irrespective of learning or birth,
What a glorious transition of feeling and thought
In the mind of the Muse, through the Rainbow
was wrought.

How enlarg'd is his vision, while in its warm hues
He, the fruits of Redemption, exultingly views:
In the Cross, at the tomb, he sees death overthrown,
Life and Peace, and Salvation around him have shone.

IMPRESSION

From MONTGOMERY'S *Hymn, commencing "Prayer is the Soul's sincere desire."*

BEFORE this animated strain
How vain it were to rear
The argument, 'tis labour vain,
Within the Poet's sphere,
To compass those transcendent themes
Inform'd by Truth's enlight'ning beams,
And realized in prayer.

In the mere *outward* form and rite
  The heart is barren, cold;
But through *internal* warmth and light
  Christians communion hold;
And all their faculties employ
To reach the source of purest joy
  Attain'd in fervent prayer.

The Christian Poet is not bound
  Only to please the ear;
The lyre must give "a certain sound,"
  Ah, shall he yield to fear?
He still must keep the "narrow way,"
If men his mission will gainsay
  His refuge is in prayer.

Our Christian Poet has disclosed
  How much he valued Prayer;
That like a child he had reposed
  Upon a Father's care:
The soul's *full need* he could define,
For in his heart Truth drew the line
  'Tween hollow words and prayer.

RESPONSE

To JAMES MONTGOMERY'S *verses on the Daisy, Linked with* EMMA TATHAM.

"FLOWER of the field!" identified
Thou art with one passed to the skies;
In Emma wherefore should I hide,
"The Daisy never dies."

Before the queenly, fragrant rose,
And all the flowers she deem'd so fair,
This image for herself she chose—
And she was mirror'd there.

For her 'twas natural to select
This flower of mountain, moor, and lea,
With open face and stem erect,
Full of simplicity.

Or to companions of her youth,
Haply, her artless, simple way,
Her love of Nature and of Truth
The DAISY might portray.

Her genius from above was born,
Was for a brief career designed;
She lisp'd in numbers with the dawn
Of her precocious mind.

When in the cultur'd garden bower,
Her muse with tend'rest care was rear'd,
This fair and unobtrusive flower
In spring-tide bloom appear'd.

When crush'd beneath a withering blight
Heaven e'er was in her eye and heart;
The Daisy opening to the light,
  Was still her counterpart.

Among "The children of the year," *
Daisies are first 'neath April's sway,
And on fresh turf like gems appear,
  Wreathing the brow of May.

O'er August crown'd with golden sheaves,
When outward strength began to wane,
And o'er September's falling leaves.
  How ominous her strain.

Though all beheld her nigh the goal,
It was a "tender, solemn" hour,
When "a soft and silver shadow" stole
  O'er that perennial flower.

She droop'd, nigh sank beneath the blast,
Yet liv'd the Gospel to adorn;
And all around saw to the last,
  The Day's-eye of the Morn.

Return ye kindred streams with amaranths
And water lilies deck'd—ye zephyrs waft
Once more the harpings of a sister-band,
Who, one by one, upon the Widening Stream,
More vividly than in the Rill of Thought,

* See Lines on each Month of the Year in the volume of poems bv Emma Tatham.

May be reflected ; while in gentler strains,
They can alternate the "sphery music"
Of the master mind, which like Ocean's tide
The human spirit in abeyance holds
Beneath the sway of Truth. Philomela,*
Thou art link'd with one who learn'd from above
The art of Melody—face answered face,
Heart was knit to heart in one glorious theme,
The matchless love of Christ. Beauty, Talent,
Fame, all before the Cross sank into shade.
How balmy, too, the memory of one †
Who strove to bring the little ones to Christ,
And to attune her lyre to infant lips !
In the steps of Watts she trod, while soaring
On the wings of Faith, and realizing
Through the Great Forerunner for her entered,
An incorruptible inheritance.

Fair Hemans, from thy sweet "Dove's Nest,"
  We view the plaintive songster flown ;
And greet thy soaring spirit now at rest,
  In "light," here "for the righteous sown."

The euphony, breathed in thy lays,
  Flows onward like a summer tide :
E'en prison walls it turns to courts of praise,
  And there, Truth's stilly waters glide.

Thy soul for sympathy was strung ;
  Deep was its current, lucid, pure ;

* Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe. † Miss Jane Taylor.

And e'er the heart with deepest anguish wrung,
  Thou to thy Saviour wouldst allure.

To Wordsworth, each responsive strain
  Reveals the links of kindred thought,
Which will expand when joys of sense must wane,
  And baseless friendship come to nought.

But not in earth's most cultured sphere
  Of intellect, e'er hadst thou found
Such themes, as served abidingly t' endear
  Desolate Zion's hallowed ground.*

Hail, Miriam † of the "Emerald Isle;"
  The grace of God had filled thy vessel;
And strong in faith and free from guile,
  Thou with the powers of hell couldst wrestle.

Thy soul in Christ had struck its root,
  A deep firm hold it there had taken;
And the rich olive bare more fruit,
  More vigorous grew the more 'twas shaken.

With single eye and motives pure,
  Truth, nought could tempt thee to surrender;
If seeming stern, thou wouldst allure
  The froward heart by accents tender.

* Ex: "Sonnets" in "Scenes and Hymns of Life."
† Charlotte Elizabeth.

Great was thy labour, vast thine aim,
And when by patronage surrounded,
Thou couldst but glory in that name,
Which, through thy pen, so far resounded.

Mind less percipient than thine own
Had never traced those nice relations,*
Which in thy works are clearly shown
Not marr'd by self-assumed creations.

When Jesus claims His diadem
Thy "Mute" † will form a wondrous story;
Oh, how resplendent that one gem
Will be among the heirs of glory!

IMPRESSIONS.

From "The Dream of Pythagoras," and other Poems, by EMMA TATHAM.

ON Classic ground "amidst Crotona's groves,"
My fancy, not unrein'd, with Emma roves,
Throughout the labyrinth of a shadowy dream,
Where sacred Truth sheds no enliv'ning gleam.
She tracks him with a bold, adventurous flight,
Through earth, sky, ocean, from *his* world of light,
Beneath the varied forms in which he ranged
The universe, till to a date-tree changed,

* Chapters on Flowers.
† "The Happy Mute; or, Deaf and Dumb Child's Appeal."

Benevolence—self-sacrifice he learn'd;
Yet, wailing mental drought to gloom returned.
"'Twas but a dream," he utter'd with a sigh—
While endless being filled his mental eye;
Where is "Perfection?" Ah, yon visions fade,
Philosophy her votary leaves in shade.
"Perfection" and its beau-ideal he sought,
Such bliss he grasp'd in speculative thought.
Pythagoras, self-consciousness was thine,
And round thy brow what faded laurels twine.
Long have the Teacher and the taught been laid
Deep in the sombre tomb's impervious shade;
But o'er thy head the tapering cypress tree
Points to "*eternal life*" *obscured by thee.*

How marvellous was the genius which pursued
The phantom of a theory so crude;
In furthest regions, 'yond the haunts of men,
Precipitated erring man could ken—
A solitary being—vacant—mute,
A sapless vine-tree withered at the root.

How dark to Emma's eye, for she was one
Who truth and grace beheld in God's own Son—
And, till united with th' Incarnate Word,
Languish'd—was sick at heart, through hope deferr'd,
Who, in His Righteousness to be attired,
Out of the depths of conscious guilt aspired:
Abhorring self, repenting in the dust,
In her "Best Friend" how simple was her trust!
"Complete in Him," in what exalted strain
She sings, "To live is Christ, to die is gain."

GOD IS LOVE.

THE holiest themes sweet Emma's lyre awoke,
And at her touch all nature silence broke;
Hark! forest, field proclaim that "God is Love,"
Now Ocean peals, and lifts his voice above
The rocks and hills, and how "th' old minstrel" sings,
The Lord for Israel hath done wondrous things;
Yea, and "a softer story" he must tell—
How once Christ hush'd his awful, billowy swell.
'Tis none but Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Whose love to man is her prevailing theme.

RESPONSE.

To "The Call of Samuel."

O FOR the sacred unction which distill'd
On her, when by "The Call of Samuel" thrill'd.
What solemn revelations yonder loom,
What melting notes steal through the "curtain'd gloom"
Of that dishonour'd, though still hallow'd place,
When to a child God deign'd to show His face!
What echoes vibrate from a mother's prayer,
Which, blended with sweet mem'ries ling'ring there,
Swell into animated strains of praise,
Still fresh and flowing as in ancient days!
"Hush—there's a sound that trembles on the air,"
How will the child the startling utterance bear?

It is not like—yet may be—Eli's call;
But what deep shadows from the pillars fall,
And how the cadence of his name is gliding
Into his heart—so still and so confiding.
"Draw, delicately draw the curtain by,"
The waken'd child again has turn'd his eye
Towards the shrine—it wanders round the walls,
For on his ear his name repeated falls—
Falls thrice from an unseen yet present power
To him unknown before that solemn hour;
Since precious was God's word, and evil days
Excluded open vision's guiding rays.

Among examples of the power of prayer
Few with the lowly Hannah can compare.
"Lent to the Lord," as with a sunbeam writ
Upon her infant's brow her pathway lit,
When to the Temple willingly she brought
That gift, which she so earnestly had sought.
Minist'ring to the Lord, the youthful Seer
Inbibed the filial love which casts out fear;
To Eli's guidance, passively resign'd,
What sweet docility pervades his mind!
And when God's voice his inmost soul had stirr'd,
Oh! th' accents of a Father there he heard.

Dear gifted Muse, thy raptured "gaze" I hail,
While Genius, sanctified, there lifts the veil
From the emotions of that infant breast;
For there thy own sweet image is express'd,
While painting how the spirit of a child,

Without misgiving, teachable, and mild,
Lay open to th' unfolding of God's will,
Soft as a moonlit lake, so clear—so still:
Oh! what rich harmony had filled the mind,
From holy thought and feeling there combined.
Assured that all my Father sends is best,
On me, too, may that child-like spirit rest:
'Tis like a haven where I would abide,
Lull'd by the breathings of the summer tide:
Oh! if He please my voyage to prolong,
Ne'er would I lose the cadence of thy song:
"Speak, Father, speak, thy child doth listen."

The truthfulness of Music won her heart,
And of her very being formed a part:
She felt its power in the Word of Truth,
Moulding her spirit from her tender youth,
And 'mid an uncongenial atmosphere,
Loved Music's "living spring" was ever near:
She associated with the nightly gale,
The balmy odours of a fertile vale;
Tempestuous blast which made the City shake,
And caused the careless slumberer to quake,
Brought a long train of objects to her mind,
All with appropriate features there defined;
Familiar converse with the storm she held,
And in such themes her lofty Muse excell'd.

From rules of Art she sought but little aid,
Yet their real worth in Science she had weigh'd;

Th' electric telegraph, through sea and land,
Her penetrating vision could command;
And on the clime where men 'neath bondage groan
Its moral power her Muse has clearly shown.
She kenn'd how, in illimitable space,
Science, by aid of art, can show the place
Of central Orbs, which but as specks appear,
View'd from the solar, planetary sphere;
And to her home beyond—to realms of Light,
From the "Beloved Star," how swift her flight,
There, with her angel-sister to commune,
And to a kindred theme her lyre attune!
That "sister, gather'd young, a white moss rose,"
"Purer and fairer than the whitest snows"—
The magnet of her heaven-aspiring heart,
Seems in her loftiest strains to bear a part.
And when the flood of death before her clave,
What Music, "at the portal of the grave,"
Like "th' echoes of her sister's lyre," distill'd
Upon her soul, with glory-visions fill'd!
Here was *the habit* of her heavenly mind,
The constant tendency of thought refined
By what she justly termed "the sanctities
Of Poetry—its lofty mysteries,"
She learn'd before the Cross to comprehend,
E'en at the feet of Jesus her "Best Friend."
'Twas but a *phase* of feeling and of thought
Reflected from that land of gloom and drought,
Where Genius, in the philosophic Seer,
Portrayed a sunbeam blotted from his sphere;
"For all was darkness."
But from her Saviour's bosom an exile

She could not return, her heart was in heaven—
How much did she love, for she *felt* much forgiven!
To go to her Saviour earth's ties must be riven.
That His voice in His word she had e'er disobey'd,
And that e'er her affections from Him should have strayed,
Was her burden; and only as earth should recede
From her vision, would she from that burden be freed.
Is there music in language? what note like *one word*,
What like JESUS, her Saviour, Redeemer, and Lord?
To that Name how each chord of her soul would vibrate,
At the touch of that spring how her heart would dilate!
What was next to that Name through which we are sav'd?
What word on her heart was most deeply engraved?
"My Mother!" what exquisite melody there,
What a halo was shed round a loved mother's care!
But with me—ah! bereaved in life's earliest morn,
With a shade o'er my brow—a heart weary and torn,
That stage of existence with grief is retraced,
And a *mother's sweet image* is all but effaced.
Yet e'en now with the pencil of fancy I draw
Her wise rule a light yoke—her sweet look and word, law:
And where centres the love of the tend'rest mother,
If not in that Friend to me more than a Brother?
Where find we a measuring line for that Love
Which is 'yond the conception of angels above?
In the depths of the sea it has hidden our guilt,
And our nature restores, like a temple rebuilt.
His Church, dear as a sister, he calls His own Dove,
He alone can supply e'en a mother's deep Love.
Ah! the void known to Him which no other can fill,
Is oft felt by the soul, bent on doing His will.
From a foe in disguise a dart may be hurl'd
At the spirit of one not conform'd to this world;
But His eye ever rests on His poor wounded bird,
Each mourner He comforts, and heals by His Word.

O for a Christian poet's heart and eye,
To human things the rules of Heaven t'apply;
Unerring Wisdom points to pleasant ways
For that disciple, who, in homelier lays,
Truth's seed would scatter, and would wand'rers bring
Beneath the shadow of her ample wing:
In this the elder with the younger Muse,
Who dipp'd her pencil e'er in rainbow hues,
Her mission owns: they are *one in the Lord;*
And oft has this unlock'd the kindred chord
Between the more creative gifted mind,
Where Love and Beauty were with Truth enshrined,
And th' elder who repels Imaginations sway,
Lest she should lose the even tenor of her way.

Yet would she "chant her lay a little longer,"
"It may be some faint spirit shall grow stronger;
"It may be some meek heart shall sing in chorus"
Worthy is the Lamb who hath redeemed us—
The holiest, purest, most triumphal strain
"Which Heaven imparts, which swells to Heaven again,"*
Is Christ's exhaustless and unchanging love—
O for a lyre like thine, "toned from above,"
Like thine, sweet Emma, with a kindred song
The praise of "Him who loved us" to prolong,
Till in Beulah's land thou and Christiana meet,
And the White Rose, transplanted, she too there will greet.

Sweet Muse, thou hast admonished one
Whom thou so early hast outrun;
Oh, that the echoes of thy lyre,
Mingling with the heavenly choir,
Might waken in me *kindred thought,*
Apart from genius but inwrought
By grace to which alike we owe
Whate'er of Christ's deep love we know.

* The lines between inverted commas are quoted from "The True Poet," in Memoir of Emma Tatham, by B. Gregory, p. 134

"*A bruised reed shall He not break.*" Isaiah xlii. 3.

THE children of the earth
Beneath their woes are crush'd;
They break their instruments of mirth—
Why is their grief not hush'd?

The love of Christ alone
Attunes the stricken heart;
His hand the seed of joy hath sown,
Hath healed the inward smart.

If providences frown,
The rough wind He will stay;
And "not destroy'd," though oft "cast down
Thy strength is as thy day.

Ah, when the heart is sad,—
Its frowardness deplores,
Another stroke He will not add,
But comfort He restores.

The waves of grief recede,
And radiant is faith's tear;
Fresh strains flow from the bruised reed,
Hope hath supplanted fear.

TO A SNOWDROP.

Transplanted from Emma Tatham's Grave by MRS. J. C. WESTBROOK.

MOST welcome art thou, sweet gentle flower,
Memorial faithful of Redbourne's bower;
A relic thou art of one for whom
In this distant sphere thou still shalt bloom;
Her mirror thou art, her form t'endear;
Her mind in thee seems hovering near;
To thee, loved snowdrop, she breathed a lay
Which her own portrait may best convey.
There t'wards her "best Friend" her way she wends;
A snowdrop meek at the Cross she bends;
Her musings there to a climax rise,
And there the dove to her refuge flies.

THOUGHTS ON A BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

From the Grave of LIZZIE, *the beloved adopted Daughter of the* Rev. JOHN MAY, of Saltash; *gathered by her tenderly attached Aunt,* Mrs. MAY, *Dec. 6th,* 1869. *She fell asleep in Jesus at the age of sixteen.*

A PARTING gleam from the setting sun
Fell on my mental eye;
It gilded the emerald grave of one
Whose slumb'ring dust is nigh
The sacred walls of the House of God;
And as yon mourner the pathway trod,
There, smiled a blooming Rose.

Twas not for me, amid wintry haze,
  That, in untarnish'd bloom,
It there should meet my admiring gaze,
  The dreary scene t' illume;
But as though by Summer zephyrs fann'd,
With balm exhaled from "the silent land,"
          Here smiles this fragrant Rose.

Dear friend, thy Lizzie's fair counterpart
  Is ling'ring here awhile;
And oh, that I had the heavenly art
  Thy sorrow to beguile—
A reminiscence here to embalm
With ev'ry hidden and new-born charm,
          Shadow'd in this sweet Rose.

Soon livid and wan will be its hue;
  But though it fade and die,
On its open brow the glist'ning dew
  Of thought bursts on my eye:
What echoes are trembling on the air,
What memories link'd with the House of Praye
          Breathe in thy pensive Rose!

The slumb'ring dust o'er which thou hast bent,
  In beauty shall arise,
Which faintly our flowers may represent
  'Neath these ungenial skies:
But no more desolate or forlorn,
Thou shalt meet at the Resurrection Morn
          Thine own transplanted Rose.

Dear friend, this little rill of thought
  Gush'd long before the break of day,
To meet thy wish I early sought
  Responsive feelings to convey :
Sweet kindred hope beyond the grave,
  Our motto for a dying hour,
Our ensign o'er the parted wave
  Are stamped upon thy vocal flower.

If words could paint "life from the dead,"
  In rainbow hues before our eyes,
'Tis only in our risen Head
  This glorious Truth we realize ;
In Him, how heart is knit to heart
  Tremulous with the kindred chord,
'Tis better far hence to depart
  And "be for ever with the Lord."

My unpretending little lay
  For thy dear partner, too, receive ;
To him, ah ! what a cloudy day,
  When called, alike with thee to grieve
O'er th' object of such tender care,
  On whom a few bright summers shone ;
The flower was blooming, fresh, and fair—
  The wind pass'd o'er it, and 'twas gone.

But what a picture of repose !
  Attendant violets odour shed,
Like handmaids to the queenly Rose,
  The emblem of "Life from the dead."

Oh, thy white-robed transplanted flower,
  A glist'ning star above yon sod,
Flourishes in the Heavenly bower—
  Hark! "I shine in the light of God."*

A signal in the ethereal sphere,
  A radiant orb burst on thy sight;
Thy lovely child seem'd hov'ring near
  Behind the curtain of the night:
For thee how meet was the behest,
  Th' o'erwhelming waves of grief to calm;
To bring to light her heart's bequest,
  T' administer such precious balm.

"THE VOICE SAID, 'CRY.'

Oh, 'tis well to remember with each setting sun,
How swift Time in his course human schemes may
  outrun;
    So fast falls the sand from his glass;
Rushing waves have a voice in the measuring tide;
And in Flora's fair dial how oft it has cried,
    Remember "all flesh is as grass."

* The first line of a leaflet found after her death, addressed to her dear uncle.

How attractive the freshness and vigour of youth,
And weak nature must shrink from the unwelcome truth,
Which from the full rose it might learn;
For 'tis nearest its end in perfection of bloom,
And this sentence the monitress waves o'er the tomb
"To dust thou," like me, must "return."

HINTS FROM DRIED FLOWERS.

As a dreamy illusion regard not my taste
In preserving my favorites by time so defaced;
Few indeed among lovers of flowers may respond
To the thought that between them and me there's a bond,
And that, e'en in the relic of what they once were,
They reflect the results of affection and care.
'Twere no marvel if amateurs e'en should recoil
At what they might consider vain. misapplied toil:
While some might be sparing of blame,
Methinks not a few would exclaim
O give *us* the bright floweret like youth in its prime,
Which with zephrys can sport, though the current of time
Leaves nothing behind but its name:
Unobservedly, let it go down to the tomb,
For assuredly others as quickly will bloom:
This sapless form, this lived hue
Such gloomy reflection convey to the mind,
That sadness is with such mementos combined
And haunts e'en the spot where it grew.

Since a lesson of frailty, forgotten though known,
Under aspect so cheerless, *is vividly shown*
Far more than in brilliant array,
Is it nothing to cherish a thing of the past,
Which, when scorched by the sun, and prostrated by blast,
Would quickly have gone to decay?

In the plumage of birds, in the butterfly's wing,
In the clustering gems on the bosom of Spring,
What beauty is traced in details;
But along with the bright Summer day it has fled,
And when o'er the blue sky chilling vapours are spread,
Those charms the Muse rarely unveils.

If gold down and smooth feathers their brightness retain,
'Tis effected too oft by infliction of pain,
And then how abhorrent is Art;
In the service of Science, e'en, what a mistake,
And o'er the encroachment how feeling hearts ache
For dumb nature's unprovoked smart.

'Tis not thus in the senseless, anatomized flower,
And how fibrous the leaves which once shaded our bower,
Though less verdant the aspect they wear;
While an invalid in them her portrait can trace,
Ne'er will Spring's brightest gems from her mem'ry efface
These tokens of sisterly care.

Long have snowdrops as friendly memorials been
prized,
And though relics so blemished, by some be despised,
Here is triumph o'er total decay;
And the pale passion flower which luxuriantly grew
O'er the casement, has changed scarce in form or in
hue,
Since silver'd by Luna's mild ray.

If a word, or a look with which once we were charm'd,
If loved features be in a dried flower, e'en, embalm'd,
Hail the mind, or the voice of a friend!
Though to others the relic no virtue retains,
'Tis *a medium of thought* which we feel never wanes,
And *this*, fading charms must transcend.

REPLY

To a remark discouraging to poetic composition on Sacred subjects.

EXTRACT from yon uncultured flower,
By nature lavished on the heath,
Its sanative restoring power,
Though rude its form, there's worth beneath.

The minstrel's strain may be as rude,
And no attraction may it wear,
'Mid social scenes should it obtrude,
Contempt, rebuke, it meets with there.

Yet oft beneath such adverse skies
  The faculty divine is nursed;
And ere observed by human eyes,
  In vestal charms the bud has burst.

As oft, beneath affliction's storm,
  For want of healthful soil, how shaken
Is genius of the fairest form,
  How soon it sinks by ills o'ertaken.

When Sharon's Rose adorned the earth,
  The world no beauty there discerned;
And few were they who owned its worth,
  Ah! oft its fragrancy was spurned.

But still its healing power remains
  In every age, in every sphere;
In those whom genius oft disdains—
  Exotics thinly scattered here.

With them theMuse her wing would stretch
  Beyond the mount of classic lore;
From purer fount her lays would fetch,
  And cloudless regions aim to explore.

Salute the dust, Orphean lyre,
  A stranger to redeeming love:
Christ is our altar; we aspire
  To themes which seraphs chaunt above.

In tradition's maze ne'er wandering
  With those who pluck forbidden fruit;
But the words of Jesus pond'ring,
  The soul in Truth takes deeper root.

SONNET.

"*For surely there is an end; and thine expectation shall not be cut off.*" Prov. xxiii. 18.

O'ER a blight on some long-deferr'd hope dost thou grieve?
Rest thou still in the promise, and only *believe.*
Oft to walk with more wisdom God's children must learn,
And the Husbandman's training they never may spurn;
Ah, it is when He crushes their puny designs,
Or their temper of mind in the furnace refines,
That each murmur is hush'd, and desire will blend
With His own blessed Will, though they know not *the end.*
With what patience the exercised soul will bear fruit
When the plentiful shower penetrates to the root:
And as odours, amid the low valleys diffus'd,
Are exhaled from the flowers when most shaken and bruis'd,
From the heart shall each grace of the Spirit ascend,
Hope, with blessing and peace, shall be crown'd in *the end.*

ASPIRATION UNDER CONFLICT.

Oh Love o'erflowing, sov'reign, free,
Coeval with eternity,
Shedding lustre o'er creation
Through each fallen generation,
Shine on my soul dispelling there
This cloud which seems to shut out prayer;
This slavish fear chase from my breast,
And no more tossed, no more perplex'd,
Let me be swayed by filial fear,
Which may my Father's will endear;
In gentle streams descend on me,
Imparting life and liberty.

Jehovah's marvellous covenant plan
Angelic sapience cannot scan;
Th' eternal past unfathomed lies,
Its counsels who can scrutinize?
The book of life who may unfold,
And there peruse his name enrolled?
The highest heavens could I ascend,
Or through the depths my footsteps wend,
What there by searching could I find
To soothe my agitated mind?
As, wandering o'er the barren plain,
E'en Hagar caught the tender strain;
"What aileth thee?—fear not," I hailed,

A fountain which alone availed
To quench my thirst for lasting peace,
Th' oppresséd spirit to release.
A voice I heard—"the word is nigh,"
Its entrance lights the single eye;
I oft had listened to that voice—
"Give me thy heart." 'Twas not my choice,
But Thine alone, O Heavenly Love,
Which drew my mind to things above;
Oh then in my affections reign,
And yoke me with Thy golden chain;
Thou my rebellious heart hast won,
Wilt Thou not own the work begun?
Oh, from the powers of darkness guard
The citadel Thou hast unbarred.
Blest Love triune, the foe expel,
Enthroned, abidingly there dwell;
Before the panoply of light
Shall not his hosts be put to flight?
Darts may be hurled, but cannot hurt
The soul with Truth's own armour girt.
Oh Love Divine, breathe on my soul,
And make my wounded spirit whole;
When morning shall earth's charms unveil,
Speak to me in the fresh'ning gale,
Speak in the sunbeams and the shade,
In all things which Thy hand has made;
Speak to me in the billowy tide.
Where rocking barks at anchor ride;
Pervade the world of thought within,
In Thee let all my work begin;

Warm, fertilize this barren heart,
Seed, blossom, fruit, O, there impart;
Then shall each froward passion yield,
And beauty deck the fallow field;
Beneath Thy training let me thrive,
Let every drooping grace revive;
Regard my fears, lest I should stray,
My ardent longing to obey
My Father's will, though often prone
T' indulge the dictates of my own.
Ah, when shall truth and love combine
In me to perfect God's design?*
The Love which rules th' angelic mind
Is not to heavenly spheres confined;
In vessels marred it is revealed—
In souls redeemed, renewed, and sealed,
Restoring there the original
Which shone in man before his fall;
When Love inscribed within his breast,
Obedience is the path of rest:
And in His glad, dear-bought return,
More brightly Love Divine must burn;
Rekindled at its Source Triune,
In Christ it is a lasting boon;
Peace surer than in Eden's bowers,
Joys brighter than its fairest flowers
Are springing in the human breast,
The earnest of eternal rest.
In many trophies of free grace

* Ephes. ii, 10, 21, 22

A healthful discipline I trace,
Through which th' upholding hand of Love
Conducted them to rest above:
In conflict, surely, "there's an end,"
And nought Love's threefold cord will rend:
Nought shall the pilgrim's steps relax,
No floods shall quench the smoking flax.

THE CORN OF WHEAT.

NURTURED by showers and sunny skies,
  The fertile pastures laugh and sing;
On balmy gale sweet odours rise,
  And joyous birds are on the wing;
Clear, winding streams the scene adorn,
  But what is like the waving corn?

Jesus, thou chosen grain of wheat,*
  Thou art for us God's quickened seed;
With life and fruitfulness replete,
  Oh precious Lamb, on Thee we feed:
Nurtured by Thee while here below,
  E'er let us for Thy garner grow.†

* John xii. 24. † 1 Cor. xv. 35-38.

On the epithet, "Leading Star," being applied t a friend in the ministry.

"A Leading Star!" There is but One
To whom that epithet applies;
And when disowned, th' abashéd Sun
Put mourning on in sable skies.

What are the helm—the compass—chart,
Without a central, leading star?
Till Jesus shone within my heart,
There, darkness reign'd none could unbar.

Behold Him from the days of yore,
Emerging 'mid deep moral mist;
His path in Sacred Page explore,—
What glorious vestiges exist!

Oh how should Eastern Sages' zeal
Reprove our sloth, and fan desire;
The evening shadows on us steal;
To see his face, do we aspire?

His light still streaming from the East,
Behold Him risen o'er Salem's towers:
Lov'd Israel's Prophet, King, and Priest—
The Prince of Peace, both theirs and ours.

Soon should I miss that steadfast ray,
If my unwary, faithless heart
From Christ the Life,—the Truth—the Way,
Should e'er be tempted to depart.

What if an angel clave the skies,
With lustre of the Morning Star?

Except he taught the Truth I prize,
My dearest hopes how would he mar !

If e'er I stood on error's verge,
Of lurking danger unaware ;
I was upheld above the surge,
For my Deliverer was there.

Towards my Lord again I turn,
And feel His strong magnetic charm ;
The bliss of trusting Him I learn
By ceasing from each human arm.

Of all the Stars, Christ is the Head,
And He still holds them in His hand ;
E'en He, who "liveth and was dead,"—
Our Guide towards the better land.

Though sun, and moon, and stars should fail,
Though earthly kingdoms pass away, .
Benighted tribes my Star will hail–
The harbinger of endless day.

When call'd sweet friendship to resign,
When earthly luminaries wane,
This "Leading Star" undimm'd, will shine,
For death, through life in Christ,* is gain.

He is my Star of Hope, t' illume
The shades of my declining years ;
And to faith's eye, above the tomb,
"The bright and Morning Star"† appears.

* John xi. 25. † Rev. xxii. 16.

THE MOON, A FAITHFUL WITNESS.

ALL Nature owns the influence of the Sun,
And droops when his diurnal course is run ;
How welcome, then, the earth's fair satellite,
How soothing is her moderated light
To those, who, like the flowers which close by day,
Shrink from the splendour of the solar ray.
What limner could her vestal beauty trace,
Her bridal aspect and maturer grace ?
In sky serene, a crescent she appears,
The fading, darkling firmament she cheers ;
Full-orb'd, in fleecy robes, with matron smile,
She deigns the dusky twilight to beguile :
Then Somnus e'en must slack his silver chain,
And as belovéd friends our feet detain,
So rivetting is this nocturnal guest,
Unwarily, we e'en curtail our rest :
The spirit that in solitude delights,
To soothing meditation she invites,
While she distributes breadth of light and shade,
Which steal o'er distant wooded hill and glade ;
The yellow corn field glows beneath her rays,
Foliage and stem she on the lawn portrays ;
Here, laurels are with gem-like lustre tipp'd,
There, plants, by day so bright, in shade are dipp'd ;
The twinkling stars of noctiflorous bloom,
The shady alcove, 'neath her rays, illume :
Her loveliness is heighten'd by the cloud,
Which, for a while her countenance may shroud,

What power she has the mind to recreate—
Now in repose—and then in queenly state,
In fleecy vesture through the heavens she rides—
The more sublime, when she her brightness hides.

For the unheeded "blessings of the Moon,' *
Besides her charms, why not the lyre attune?
Dew, vapours, from her influence on the tide,
Through countless tubes more copiously glide,
She on the Orb of Day depends for light—
As with the Church, we ne'er may disunite
Her influence, or her orbit from the Sun,
In whose imparted strength her race is run.
"Fair as the Moon,"† the Church from Christ derives
Her comeliness, and in His life she lives;
And though she walks "by faith and not by sight,"
She shows the phases of "the lesser light;"
While as His Bride, "all glorious within,"
She has to struggle with indwelling sin;
Since Jesus to Himself her heart first drew,
His honour she has sought, and kept in view:
She follows Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Though oft she may be tempted thence to stray;
'Tis as the lily growing among thorns,
The Church of Christ earth's wilderness adorns:
She onward presses—marks the setting sun,
The day is waning; much is left undone—

* Deut. xxxiii. 14. † Canticles vi. 10.

That those around may win Him whom she loves,
She warns, invites, admonishes, reproves
The wanderers who throng destruction's way;
The mourner's pang she strives e'er to allay.
Her light can penetrate the deepest shades,
Her voice is heard among the lowest grades;
She goes into the highways and the lanes,
And tells of Love that cleanses deepest stains:
She watches, waits, and serves the Lord with fear,
For th' end of all things surely draweth near.
From earth's dark vale to mansions in the skies,
The Bride of Jesus lifts her longing eyes;
She reads upon yon portals "there's no night;"
The service of God's Temple pure delight
To her enlarged faculties will yield;
All will be clear that now is dim or seal'd:
The morning dawns—the earthly shadows flee,
The King in all His beauty she will see;
These clouds the Sun of Righteousness will chase—
Hail her Beloved, full of Truth and Grace!
No phase is there, her light is no more dim,
Her full orb'd glory is "complete in Him."*

LOVE ENROBED IN LIGHT.

Ere the first orient rosy streak
Foretels the blushing morn,
Who mark'd upon the mountain peak
The noiseless step of dawn?

* Col. ii. 10.

Benignant love from realms of light,
  Look'd forth in gilded sky;
O'er sea and land in depth and height
  Her form burst on the eye.

Love gave the word, the Sun arose
  On th' evil and the good;
All nature, waken'd from repose,
  The summons understood.

Strong, feeble, or inert, all things
  Which live began to move
Beneath his dewy, radiant wings,
  And light encircled love.

The warbling of the joyous birds
  That nestled in the trees,
Mingled with lowing of the herds,
  And humming of the bees.

How Love is mirror'd in the dew,
  And in the nurturing rill;
For Love sweet flowers of varied hue,
  Light woos o'er vale and hill.

Love sends refreshing showers of rain,
  And earth her riches yields;
Her hands have rear'd the golden grains,
  In sunbeams robed the fields.

Love walks abroad throughout the land,
  And hath her table spread;
In radiance clad, with lifted hand
  She points to "living bread."

Love scatters gifts, and all admire
  Her robe of blue and green ;
But few the "bread from heaven" desire,
  Or wisdom's lessons glean.

Love shows her face through Luna's vest
  Of shining silver grey ;
And in the glow of Ocean's breast
  Beneath the sun-set ray.

Here Love speaks to the troubled heart,
  E 'en of the Light of Life ;
The words of Christ can peace impart
  Amid much inward strife.

Without, within—below, above,
  The rays of Truth and Grace
Concentre in Redeeming Love,
  Throughout all time and space.

Love rais'd the veil of mystery
  Around th' Eternal Throne ;
Love, robed in weak humanity,
  The Godhead has made known.

Creation's Universal Heir
  Upholds the starry dome,
Where Love in mansions may prepare
  For saints their radiant home.*

* The germ of Sir David Brewster's opinion is to be found in the writings of Howe (1699).

SECTION V.

The Unity of Art and Science.

Art shows the architecture of the skies,
Where unknown worlds burst on the explorer's eyes;
It forms the apparatus for his flight,
And science thereby gains increasing light;
The laws of optics being duly weigh'd,
They, mutually, th' advance of learning aid;
Th' eye, o'er space swept by the telescope,
Now freely roams where once it could but grope.
Among th' inheritors of earthly fame,
For Newton, Science—Art, will laurels claim;
For every scheme on which his mind was bent,
The mechanism required, he could invent.
Enraptured with the music of the spheres,
Which oft attuned the lyre of ancient Seers,
The measur'd course of yonder glorious orbs,
Alike, the spirit of the muse absorbs;
The astronomer she follows in her flight,
And mingles with him in the world of light;
The planets, shedding their diffusive rays,
And distant stars declare Jehovah's praise;

Of old, the Pleiades announc'd the Spring,
With budding trees, and birds upon the wing :
And we, through Aries, and wild Taurus pass'd,
Turn from the frozen earth, and skies o'ercast,
To welcome smiling infant buds and flowers,
Anticipating April's gleamy showers :
Then, to the Muse fair Spring unlocks her stores,
And there, her joyous minstrelsy she pours ;
Rambling at will in meadow, copse, or grove,
Thrill'd by the melting accents of the dove.
The lordly Manor with its graceful site,
She rarely views with that pure keen delight
Which, 'mid the peasants' huts and flowery glade,
Is by the heaven-directed spire convey'd ;
Art rears the church, but poetry supplies
The praise which like sweet incense there should rise;
View'd at a distance, or e'en out of sight,
Mental associations still are bright ;
She to the ear suggests the chime of bells,
And all idea of lifeless form dispels :
But it is written ; "They that hear shall live ;"
Truth tests her musings. Does the trumpet give
A certain sound ? Is a true shepherd there,
To feed the flock with faithfulness and care ?
O blessed thought if to the mental sight
Within that edifice be Gospel light.
The Muse oft loves to invest those walls with song,
Or realizes 'mid that listening throng
Th' awaken'd sinner, who the call obeys,
"Converted from the error of his ways :"
Angels with joy the penitent behold ;
Though mean on earth 'mong saints he is enroll'd.

The ambassador for Christ discerns the goal,
Fresh themes expand his mind, and fire his soul.
Oh! what is like the eloquence of truth,
The solace of old age, the guide of youth;
Whilst all the lore and rhetoric of the schools,
Weigh'd and compiled by geometric rules,
Are like the gorgeous plumage of the bird,
Without the notes by which the heart is stirred.

'Tis not within the bounds of time and space
That Poetry her origin would trace;
Since long before the term of Arts was known,
Or Truth the seeds of sacred lore had sown,
The joyous "Morning Stars together sang,"
And Alleluias through Heaven's circuit rang;
For "earth and man upon it" God had bless'd,
And Eden was a place of holy rest.
Alas, that through apostasy from God,
Forbidden paths the Muse so early trod:
Sin had so stained her simple, snow-white vest,
And lurk'd so covertly within her breast,
That marvellous it was how grace and truth
Restored her from the follies of her youth;
And when, far in the West, her influence spread,
How Mercy had provided living bread,
And living water from her crystal spring,
With rest beneath the shadow of her wing.
Poetry from her microscopic view
Can pen description vivid, full, and true;
And led by truth to choose the better part,
Her treasure is in heaven, there is her heart;

She in the future lives, and things unseen
Are not obscured by those which intervene :
From her ærial sphere she oft looks down
Upon her sister's path, and loves to crown
Her work with pæans from her own domain,
In tender ode, or in elegiac strain.
In aiding memory through the outward sense,
They both have minister'd to intelligence ;
In each, historical events have been enshrined,
For each a moral purpose was designed.
A portrait moves the passions at a glance,
And in a moment can the soul entrance ;
None may deny the excellence of an art
Which serves, on canvas, sympathy t' impart,
And to the mind can durably express
A kindling thought, a look of tenderness ;
Bereft and desolate spirits to beguile,
In tracing that familiar, loving smile
Which has the rending stroke of death surviv'd :
And oh, what recollections there are hived!
A "Mother's Picture" how did Cowper prize !
Oh ! she was present still before his eyes,
And while, successfully, through light and shade
Art had th' expression of her mind convey'd,
Who, with an organism so delicate,
Could, like this filial Bard, appreciate
That transcript of impressions, still retain'd ?
His heart, how in a moment it enchain'd !

Not less in rural scenery will the Muse
Within her sister's mind her thoughts infuse ;

Before her eye she like a spirit glides,
She hovers o'er her, near her tent abides;
She soars above the clouds, the sky unveils,
Sings in the wintry storm and summer gales,
Interprets nature to the artist's eye,
And shows analogies which hidden lie.
Hail, twofold gift, how pleasant thus to trace
The lineaments of Nature's truthful face!
Viewing them through the Christian poet's glass,
The Christian artist from his work may pass
To immaterial and eternal things,
On never-fading Hope's expanded wings.
Within th' arena of terrestrial things,
To Art the elder sister fondly clings;
Beyond these, Truth imposes self-restraint,
And teaching Poetry in words to paint,
Bestows peculiar care, prescribes the bound
Which she must never pass t' unhallowed ground.
How artists fail, essaying to convey
Aught of celestial mould; for to portray
Things supernatural is beyond their sphere,
These only to the eye of faith appear;
Th' inventive power, form, colouring, they elude,
Repelling e'er the hand that would obtrude.

Rare is the genius that could first conceive,
And then with Art's consummate skill achieve
Works noble and sublime, like those of West—
Oh, how Redeeming Love is here express'd!
There, painting has combined with Truth to show
Whence moral ill, in ev'ry form, must flow,
Confederate against the Source of good
The meek and spotless Lamb that passive stood,

While from Satanic plot flew many a dart,
Through priests and people joined, hurled at his heart.
"Behold the man!" th' accused who ne'er did wrong,
Scorn'd and insulted by the cruel throng,
Whose impious, quenchless hate, contempt and rage,
The truthful Artist brought upon the stage.

Impressiveness was there not to be chased,
And such intrinsic worth is still retraced,
With grateful recollection of an Art
Which kindled new emotions in the heart,
And bare its witness, obvious e'en in youth,
To that one fact, that great foundation-truth
Th' atonement made for sin in every clime,
From the beginning down to th' end of time.
To the Artist what was e'en wide-spreading fame,
And his contemporaries' praise or blame,
When he recalled the first successful stroke,
And growing ardour *in his breast awoke?*
Within the boundaries of an attic, burst
That germ, in youth, and e'en in childhood nurs'd;
Talent and perseverance justly prized,
Were by a generous sovereign patronised;
He loved to draw forth genius from the shade,
But 'twas "*a mother's kiss the painter made.*"

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

HEARKEN, my "ways are ways of pleasantness,"
  Pure and unruffled streams flow through my bowers;
And in my garden there are choicest fruits,
  With healing leaves, and amaranthine flowers.
But ere my followers can partake of these,
  Th' instructive gallery of my dwelling place,
They oft frequent, and 'neath my watchful care
  They study how to run the heavenly race.
Is knowledge pleasant to th' inquiring mind?
  My pictures are Heaven's archives of the past;
'Tis mine to show *Redemption's* perfect work
  That plan, which like the mountains, standeth fast.
And at the l dder's base, my motto, read—
  Life, they will surely find who rightly seek;
My pictures fade not, and they ne'er can tire,
  Their lessons I instil into the meek.
Reproof from me, is, for my sake, esteem'd
  And prized like a rare ornament of gold:
With pondering eye, oft turn'd to yonder map,
  Though they may err, the pilgrims onward hold.
Would they while sojourners have peace and joy,
  Or heavenly bliss would they anticipate?
'Tis mine to show Christ's offering on the Cross,
  And the reproach He bore without the gate.
'Tis in that scale alone the human soul,
  And its eternal interests are weigh'd:
Then 'neath a flood of light bright scenes beyond,
  Through emblems in my gallery are portray'd.
Stay, passenger, this picture none may pass,
  For with deep meaning 'tis to all replete;

Behold these paths, how narrow, rugged one,
  How broad the other: and they never meet.
Upon the *broad* way by the many throng'd,
  Down to yon tombs, ne'er gleamed the faintest ray;
Upon the narrow one falls heavenly light,
  From silvery dawn unto the perfect day.
All my disciples find that narrow road,
  And Poetry loves with them to abide;
What music in the heart, and on the lips!
  What pleasant fruits! what cooling streams there glide!

PLEASANT PICTURES;

OR, PICTURES OF DESIRE.—*Isaiah* ii, 16.

IN youth, in manhood, e'en in hoary age,
  Some favourite object round the heart is twined;
Or, daily, in the lessening distance looms,
  Moulded as suits the texture of the mind.

How early is imagination fill'd
  With visionary purposes, and schemes,
In which a fatal snare is oft conceal'd,
  Thus talents are consumed in airy dreams.

The practised Syren tries the grave, the gay,
  She paints the feast, the game—can these be wrong?
To the orchestra, or the dance she lures,
  And round her whirls a giddy, motley throng.

She heads and moves the military band
  To desecrate the Lord's most holy day ;
And votaries of pleasure are beguil'd,
  'Midst din and mirth, to throng Destruction's way.

How "pleasant pictures" like a mirage fade,
  Yet novel imagery soon is found,
And, in the world's cameleon, gilded hues,
  Materials to create it e'er abound.

Our Great Creator spreads before the eye
  Inimitable pictures, new and old ;
Yet in green fields, and groves, with music fill'd,
  His hand in all, with pleasure, few behold.

But if the circus, with its bauble train,
  Among God's works, unseemly, there intrude,
A stream of pleasure-seekers thither flows,
  And with what zest the phantom is pursued.

The mask'd and painted glories of the world,
  Spared long, are sentenc'd to consuming fire ;
And they who draw the cords of vanity,
  Too late, will find Heaven lost for Satan's hire.

The world is in man's heart, and its bright side
  The dexterous foe e'er turns towards his eye ;
The unreflecting creature, thus deceived,
  Re ists God's word, and yields to Satan's lie.

Lover of fleeting pleasure, hast thou peace ?
  There, she will never spread her downy wing ;
Ah, no ! enjoyment of the world of sense
  Has left within thy heart its venomous sting.

Oh worldling, how Jehovah's glittering sword
  Thy worn-out "pictures of desire" will rend;
And 'yond that pageantry—those gala-days,
  Where in far vista do thy pleasures tend?

To those who walk in pride the day draws near—
  A day of lamentation and of woe,
Ah, wherefore 'mid disquietude cry peace
  Pursuing imagery and vain show?

How worshippers of art, and man's device,
  Who sow the wind, will then the whirlwind reap;
O'er the buffoonery of religious rites,
  Will not the Ritualist then mourn and weep?

Ah, with the growth of a voluptuous taste,
  'Tis a day of grievous provocation;
Awake, ye slumb'ring virgins, trim your lamps,
  Turn, ye pleasure-loving generation.

PAINTING, of old, has been with honours crowned;
Sculpture, still more, afar has been renown'd;
Both Arts will serve a slumb'ring Church t' ensnare
And shall the Muse of evil not beware?
What beacon-lights gleam in the Sacred Page
O'er shoals and reefs, in this beguiling age!
Bright Poetry, the shades of error quit!
Truth makes thee free; ah, why in fetters sit?
The waves and billows long o'er thee have roll'd,
But ne'er thy ancient birthright has been sold.
"Return, from troubling bitter founts, return
Back to the life-springs of thy native urn!"

SECTION VI.

Primeval Light.

Divine quintessence of created good,
By finite man so little understood,
Thou art the key-note of the Inspired Word,
With reverential, wond'ring rapture heard
By Heavenly Hosts throughout the realms of space,
Ere on the vision of the human race,
Thy animating beams benignly fell,
Or human hearts with thankfulness could swell,
Or human lips exclaim how sweet is light!
Unwelcome only 'neath a moral blight,
Till through Redemption, man could hail thy rays,
Hail, blest exponent of Jehovah's ways,
Thou sole revealer of the wondrous things
Which into life burst 'neath thy radiant wings.

"God said, let there be Light, and there was Light;"
And measured to the earth, both day and night:
Then, *who saw Light* on gather'd waters play,
Or mark'd the boundary line 'tween night and day?

Wild fancy was not there, to ruminate
Among the stellar orbs, and desecrate
The sanctuary of the Holy One,
Who only spake the word and "it was done!"
The speculations, arbitrary rules,
And the ingenious systems of the schools;
The calculations for a ray of Light,
Th' eccentric orbit of the comet's flight,
There found no place, the picture was complete;
There shone that Orb where God and man could meet.
When, to th' Inspired Historian's raptured view,
Arose the firmament of azure hue,
And when th' "invisible, unfurnish'd" earth,
Prepared for fruitfulness where once reign'd dearth,
Emerg'd from regions of impervious gloom;
And at Elohim's Word, began t' assume
The aspect of an animated sphere,
'Twas to perception comprehensive, clear;
And to imagination purified,
The veil spread o'er the past was drawn aside;
He 'mid a glorious panorama stood;
He heard his Maker's fiat, all "was good."

Then Poetry from heaven fetch'd her lyre,
And touched the Minstrel's lips with hallow'd fire;
Her utterances were in the Inspired Word;
In all God's works her melody was heard;
And when at Truth's behest she spread her wings,
She spake, she breathed in all material things:
As with the stream, no eye its source may trace,
Yet is its influence seen in nature's face;

And vegetation tells it has flowed near
From a remote and genial hemisphere;
With life and beauty, and a heavenly glow,
The Muse invested all things here below.
On patriarchal lips she loved to pour
The strains familiar on her native shore;
Her element was the Prophetic Word;
Her trumpet blast was th' Advent of the Lord;
And through the ages that must intervene,
Th' Incarnate Saviour was, in shadows, seen.

As the vast purpose of th' Eternal Mind
Before the eye of man grew more defined,
Poetry ceased not to adorn her sphere,
Her language was sublime, her accents clear;
The stream of truth majestically flowed,
And with high themes the sacred record glowed.
The Patriarch's predictions yet remained
To be fulfill'd in sons, whose hands were stained
By cruelty towards his favourite child,
So long from the parental roof exiled:
But how their history sinks into the shade
Before the portion Covenant Love had weigh'd
For him who was the staff of his old age;
It was for *Joseph*, that yon bright presage
Was imaged in the chambers of a mind,
By years of evil chasten'd and refined.
Thus in the track of things which faith explores
Bright Poetry, Truth's loving handmaid, soars.

NOTES OF TRIUMPH.

Ages roll on; th' oppressive foe
Of Israel will not let them go,
To serve the Lord their God
In paths their fathers trod:
But on him the last plague is sent,
And nature's dearest ties are rent;
'Tis night, and this is Pharoah's cry,
Depart ere all the people die.

He and his charioteers now wend
Swift course towards their tragic end;
And 'mid th' impetuous waves
They all have made their graves:
Lo, strains of exultation rise,
And all around the echo flies,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously
O'er horse and rider, in the sea!

Hark! Miriam on the timbrel plays,
Praising Jehovah's wondrous ways:
Moses, the man of God,
There lifted up his rod,
And for the sake of Israel
The waves return'd with billowy swell:
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously,
O'er horse and rider, in the sea!

The choral band her words repeat,
And play and dance with measuring feet;
Their triumphs in yon skies
Still higher, louder rise:
Voices and timbrels swell their song;
That lofty anthem rolls along,
The LORD hath triumph'd gloriously,
O'er horse and rider, in the sea.

The parting words of Moses drop as rain,
And in affecting metaphoric strain,
Jehovah's gracious dealings rise to view
Distilling on the spirit like the dew;
As the small rain on tender herb descends
Mercy with judgment in his song he blends:
His doctrine is as showers upon the grass,
While solemn presages before him pass.

DEBORAH AND BARAK.

WISE Deborah under a palm-tree dwelt;
Lo, Sisera's end she was moved to foretel;
She judged Israel's tribes with prudence and zeal,
And sang the LORD'S praise when the Canaanite fell.

She arose, to Kedesh with Barak she went,
To meet the foe's chariots with a huge host;
And his "ten thousand men," to Tabor he called,
From Naphtali's land, from Zebulon's coast.

At th' ancient stream Kishon were kings swept
away;
And as the LORD's handmaid had e'en prophesied,
The great Captain of Jabin fled from the field,
By "the hand of a woman" Sisera died.

* * * * * *

DEBORAH'S TRIUMPHAL ODE.

Void were villages, byways, void was the Gate;
'Mong Israel, where was the spear or the shield?
But now, "out of Machir," lo, governors come;
"They that handle the pen" join those in the
field.

For Meroz, alas, how awful a doom!
Her people "came not to the help of the LORD"
Against the mighty ones, Israel's foes;
And shall they escape the devouring sword?

The Princes of Issachar Deborah help'd,
And Barak on foot to the valley was sent;
Lives were in jeopardy in the high place,
The foe's "trodden-down strength" behold in yon
tent!

Jael, wife of the Kenite, praise in the Gate,
All ye who "rehearse the acts of the LORD!"
"In the tent above women she shall be bless'd,"
Princes and nobles her deed will record!

Through the lattice the mother of Sisera look'd,
  Impatiently to her wise ladies, she cried,
"Why so long, wherefore tarry his chariot wheels?"
  But, wantonly ere they could speak, she replied,
    "Have they not sped;
  Not divided the prey—a damsel or two,
  With the well broider'd robe of rich varied hue,
    Purple and red,
  For the spoilers' necks—for Sisera, meet?"

* * * * * *

"So shall thine enemies perish, O Lord!"
  But all they who love Thee and walk in thy ways,
Shall be as the Sun going forth in his strength,
  And they walk in the Light to th' end of their days.

On the wings of the Morning Deborah soar'd,
  And on the *path* of yon orb, how she mused!
The portion of those who "delight in the LORD,"
  The course of th' upright, Oh, *there* she perused!

She saw mirror'd there the love that impels
  All those who the heavenly race have begun;
The LORD who perfects the work in their souls,
  Is their Strength, and their Song, their Shield and their Sun.

1 Cor. iv. 6.

When, through transgression, mankind first fell,
And 'neath the taint of sin,
Peace, joy, and gladness wither'd away,
And darkness reign'd within,
The Father of lights revealed a plan
To restore the crown to fallen man.

"God who commanded the light to shine,"
Ere earth was fructified,
Hath shined into His people's hearts,
Their souls hath beautified;
And He will complete the work begun,
And conform them to His own dear Son.

Precious Gospel beams diffused abroad,
(Oft fallen *on* hearts of stone),
Have lightened their eyes, once sealed in death,
And truth her seed has sown
In every faculty of the soul,
Brought 'neath her loving and wise control.

In all their sojourning here below,
"By a right way," she leads,
Watches o'er them, keeps them while they sleep,
Their waking hour she heeds:
Sweetly her accents drop on the ear,
Morning by morning, worn hearts to cheer.

Oh, "awake and Christ shall give thee light,"
For rays of truth and grace
Shall all thy inward being transform
And each dark trait efface:
"Acquaint, now, thyself with God," through Him,
And thy vision will no more be dim.

Love and friendship, the light of the eyes,
Across life's path may gleam;
But extinguished by death, to the heart
They have fled as a dream;
In a child, fond parents seek repose,
But oft, thence, the bitterest sorrow flows.

Better than child, or brother, or friend,
Oh! there is only One,
With a heart for adversity born;
For God spared not His Son,
Who was crowned with thorns—our sorrows bare,
That we His enduring joy might share.

In His garments of glory and beauty,
We shall behold our King;
At the sound of His footstep awaking,
Oh death, where then thy sting!
As a morning without a cloud, in light,
He will burst upon our enraptured sight.

MODEL FRIENDSHIP.

2 *Samuel* ii. 19—27.

On drear Gilboa, whence that rending strain ?
  'Tis David's wail both for a friend, and foe ;
For " Israel's beauty," for " the mighty slain"
  What bitter dregs, how full the cup of woe !

Who thus has e'er embalm'd an enemy's name
  In lamentation, rich in eloquence ?
From nought but heavenly love, that quenchless flame,
  Could sorrow flow, so deep, and so intense.

Saul's armour, and still more the faithful bow *
  Of Jonathan, are link'd with his career,
When th' envious king became the open foe
  Of th' exiled one, the prey of torturing fear.

Compassion, love hid all, buried was hate ;
  Ah " Israel's beauty" strewn on battle field,
Must perish in yon grave insatiate !
  Anointed one ! where are thy sword, thy shield ?

The poetry of grief flows unrestrained ;
  From vividness of thought emotion springs ;
He, for a foe, breathes tenderness unfeign'd,
  And to his brother-friend O how he clings !

* 1 Samuel xx. 20, 37, 38.

My brother! how I am distress'd for thee!
Yea, very pleasant to me hast thou been;
'Yond woman's love, how wondrous thine to me;
And on its vigour, I could ever lean.

O Jonathan, how fragrant is thy name!
"Gift of the Lord!" mid envy, toil, and strife,
And change *without*, thy love was e'er the same,
A sunbeam in the path of daily life.

Poetry strews her flowers upon the bier
Of friendship wither'd by untimely blight;
Sorrow found vent; truth dried the mourner's tear,
Jonathan he could meet in realms of light!

Still deeper shadows fell on David's lot,
For who had formed that base destructive plot,
Designed to lay his honour in the dust,
And rob him of his people's loyal trust?
'Tis Absalom, his cherished darling son,
Who from their king the national mind has won;
Yet at his death, affection would find vent,
A parent's heart-strings by details were rent:
"Absalom, my son, my son," his wailing dirge,
Flowed through his night of grief, like the wild
billowy surge.

But all things worked together for his good,
The leaf was seared, but still the oak there stood:
A heart of oak was given him by God;
O, that all mourners had his staff and rod.
He lived to ratify what Moses wrote
For climes, and generations far romote;

Beneath an inspiration marked and clear,
In past events the future is brought near;
Though "open vision" for awhile had failed,
To him the "Star of Jacob" ne'er was veiled,
And th' Everlasting Covenant with him made,
Cast things of transient interest into shade;
His own exploits receded from his sight,
For in the blaze of full prophetic light,
He penned the sufferings of th' Incarnate Word,*
And loved Christ's second advent to record;†
Justice and mercy in his eye were blent‡
As though he realized a past event.
He saw Messiah's glory must increase,§
And hailed Him King of Righteousness and Peace.

With yon historian, whose illumined eye
Was turned from awful sights on Sinai
Towards distant ages, while he winged his way,
Judgment, blessing, triumph to display,
David affords a microscopic view
Which from Mosaic narrative he drew,
And tracks the Israelites through Arab's sands,
Paints their vicissitudes in heathen lands;
Their fickleness, their stubbornness portrays,
Until emerging from a gathering haze,
To their desired haven they are brought,||
And all exclaim, Behold, what God hath wrought!
Who fed and guided with a skilful hand,
That favoured people in the promised land?

* Psa. xxii. † Psa. lxix. ‡ Psa. lxxxv. 10.
§ Psa. lxxii. || Psa. lxxvii.

The Shepherd also of the Gentile fold,
A greater than King David, here behold.
How vividly the future is brought nigh,
Reflected from the Seer's anointed eye;
Imagination, memory here combine
With faith, to ken Truth's twofold vast design,
And, in her star-illumined firmament,
The end of Prophecy to represent.
Echoes from Moses and the Psalms may still
With a resistless power men's spirits thrill;
Internal evidences therein stored,
Which o'er the past a flood of light oft poured,
Present a bulwark to the sacred page,
Against the vaunting sceptics of our age.
Such echoes have not those explorers heard,
Who, with unshrinking effort disinterred
The monumental palpable remains
Of sculptured heroes, deities and fanes?
Oh, if God's word for Egypt and Chaldee,
During research supplied Truth's golden key,
Her evidence internal in the page
Of sacred history, in the brighter age
Of Solomon and Zion in her prime,
Bears on the ravages of later time,
And serves more fully to corroborate
External proofs of the primeval state
Of blest Jerusalem, its actual site,
And glorious things entomb'd in shades of night.

ECHOES FROM PALESTINE.

HAIL! voiceful streams from ancient Palestine;
For where shall end th' explorer's vast design?
And as towards Zion's walls he sinks the shaft,
O, that the Spirit of the LORD might waft
A message daring sceptics to confound,
An argument from subterranean ground,
For all "who on the bosses of HIS buckler rush,"
The King of Heaven and Earth t' assail without a blush.

The salient thoughts of one whose grief found vent
In an unprecedented dire lament,
E'en to the final drama seem to extend,
The Roman siege with Chaldee's power to blend.
To Zion's lips Rome held the bitterest cup,
And Israel's palaces were swallowed up;*
The seer foretelling wrath which ne'er abates,
Wails Jacob's habitations, Zion's gates,
Sunk in the ground, her bars and walls destroyed,
And all the land is barren, parch'd, and void.

But not for ever Israel was lost:
No more afflicted, desolate, tempest tossed,
Zion shall be rebuilt on God's own plan,
The tarrying vision wait—for ne'er can man
That final consummation so discern
As to assume the time of Christ's return.

* Lamentations ii. 2, 5, 9.

Meanwhile, yon buried dwellings rise to light,
And th' excavator greets them with delight:
For eighteen hundred years has silence reigned
In that deep tomb where he has entrance gain'd.
Surely some clue he needs t' identify
Each fragmentary beam that meets his eye;
The history of the kingdom, if explored,
Will in its chronicles that clue afford.

Ah, melancholy prospect strikes the eye,
The breast heaves with th' involuntary sigh.
No cedar rears its head, and on the wall
Where is the hyssop, where the footstep's fall,
Which in the city watchman's nightly round
To restless sleepers was a cheering sound?
Each trace of affluent citizens is fled,
'Tis digging mid the shadows of the dead.
Where is the swallow, of which David wrote,
Who from the housetop greets the sparrow's note?
All husbandry—the cart—the thrashing floor—
Have ceas'd with those whose homesteads are no more.
The music of the grinder's voice is gone;
All, all is silent, desolate, and forlorn.
The workman's ear this death-like stillness meets,
Stroke upon stroke with pickaxe he repeats;
And as the shaft sinks farther, deeper still,
Who 'mong the wise can sound Jehovah's will?

O, ZION, how thy hills,
Adorn'd with fruitful palms,
Resounded with the choral praise
Of David's thrilling psalms.
The vallies, too, responded,
Ah, oft with mournful lay,
When the oppress'd and royal exile
Was wand'ring far away.

Thou e'er to him wast dear,
And when the storm he braved,
Thy altar, ark, and mercy-seat
Were on his heart engraved.
The climax of his hopes
Is this, "The Lord is there."
He will appear and Zion rebuild,
And all her wastes repair.

The tide of sacred song still onward flowed,
And in the rays of Truth its subjects glowed;
O'erwhelmingly sublime to mortal eyes
Are scenes depicted in the prophecies:
Now, Mercy's silvery tones float on the gale,
And heavenly guides the Hebrew prophets hail;

Then, o'er yon central portion of the earth,
The glittering sword of Justice is drawn forth,
And revelations through the sacred muse
By symbols are convey'd in dazzling hues.*

VISION and PROPHECY! what hallow'd ground!
From lips of Seraphim what words resound
Within that holy, dedicated place,
Where 'tween the Cherubim God showed His face,—
"The whole earth with Jehovah's Glory fill'd!"†
What clouds of smoke! how shaken are the posts!
"Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts!"
Exclaims the trembling seer with heart nigh chill'd:
But from the sacred altar other sound
Falls on his ear—acceptance he has found,
And fellowship e'en with the Holy One,
Though mid uncleanness, in himself "undone."
The satisfaction made for sin he saw
On th' altar of the ceremonial law,
The whole burnt offering of the Lamb was there,
And thence the Seraphim a live coal bare,
The token of propitiating grace
Both to the Jewish and the Gentile race.

* Isa. i. 28—31; v. 20—30; Jer. xxx. xxxi., &c.; Ezek. i. 4, &c.; Dan. vii. viii. ix. 20—27; x. 5, &c.

† Isa. vi. 3—7.

Thus were inspired messengers abased,
And from their minds all self-esteem was chased,
Ere for their high and holy calling meet,
And, in the panoply of light complete,
They were prepared their errand to disclose,
And warn blind Israel of impending woes;
While healing waters overflow their bounds,
And song in the millennial age resounds,
Anticipating, in its ebb and flow,
Unprecedented conflict with man's foe.

The Muse with reverential, earnest eye,
Heeding "the steadfast word of prophecy,"
Surveys its future more extended range
In things which were aforetime dark and strange;
Much that has been of Babylon foretold,
God's dealings with the world must yet unfold;
Her Hebrew captives from her grasp were taken,
"The Golden City" to her base was shaken;
And in her hand was put a cup of woe,
The presage of a future final blow.

Rare is the genius by Truth sanctified,
And uniformly with her cause allied,
That could discern and trace the boundary line
Of prophecy fulfilled, and then define
The proximate, and the remoter sense
Imprinted by Divine intelligence

On judgments, yet to fall upon the East,
Till Antichristian thraldom shall have ceas'd.
Fierce will the conflict be by fire and sword
Which shall precede the coming of the Lord.
Foreshadow'd it has been in that dark page
Of Israel's story, mark'd by heathen rage,
And dominant exterminating power;
While, in the retrospect, clouds seem to lower
In that dread imprecation when they slew
The Lord of Life, and swift destruction drew
Upon themselves and their unhappy race,
Branded with shame in every age and place.
From the Redeemer's lips that sentence fell,
"Desolate is your house," and like the swell
Of furious torrents, soon on Israel's head
The tempest burst, and wasting judgments spread;
There, those dark times of tribulation loom
Which wrapp'd the nation's hopes in deepest gloom:
Jehovah's wrath was to the utmost pour'd
On fair Jerusalem, when the conqueror's sword
Was bathed in blood amid devouring flame,
Effacing both the kingdom and its name.
Ah, David's lineage, e'en Abraham's race,
Driven from their heritage, no dwelling place
Throughout the Gentile earth could call their own;
And as in their prosperity, "alone
Among the nations," they *exalted*, were,
So none their griefs unparallel'd can share:
In ev'ry clime what shadows o'er them fall
Though *final blessing* prophecies forestal;
Concerning them man's purpose was revers'd,
And they were bless'd whom Balak would have curs'd.

Where are they now each with his goodly tent,
Where are the ensigns of their high descent?
The bond of fatherland no distance sears,
Remembering this, they eat the bread of tears:
If hope revive, again, alas, it wanes;
The poetry of grief flows in their veins.

Loved Zion's harp is mute—
For joyous notes unstrung;
Desolate is the house of God,
In sable vestment hung:
Poetry lingers there
In wail and dire lament;
She mourns her pleasant streamlets dried,
Her anguish must have vent.

The vessels of the Lord
Unhallowed hands have taken;
The heathen Zion's forts destroyed,
And Truth is nigh forsaken.
Tradition's borrowed light
Has feigned her altar fire;
And fiction has assumed her name,
Her language, and attire.

Rome, where is now thy universal sway?
Thou hast been ravaged by the birds of prey;
Thy glory is departed and forgot,
And God from under heaven thy name will blot;
Upon thy once renowned and thriving coast,
In commerce what resources can'st thou boast?
Thy system of corruptions soon must yield
To rival powers in Christendom's battle-field;
While they who bled beneath thy murderous hand
Shall with Messiah reign in their own land.
Oh, Gentile, grafted on the olive tree
When Israel was cut off, and while for thee
Riches in grace and glory were in store,
And published through the Gospel's open door,
To Christ's apostles of the Hebrew race
Thou owest thy present standing e'en in grace.
Their literature affords thee sumptuous fare,
Poetry finds her choicest treasures there;
Their type of psalmody and choral praise
Has e'er supplied thy most exalted lays.
Many, who of "prosaic life" complain,
O'erlook, or never seek the golden vein
Of those analogies, which, unobserv'd
In customs or in phrase, have been preserv'd;
Social, domestic life are closely link'd
With poetry, though veil'd and indistinct;
A course monotonous, O how it cheers,
And in more varied scenes its charm appears;
In little things its influence is felt,
Oft telling in a word where once it dwelt.
And there is One in whom we move and live,
Who claims the unapproached prerogative

To track the mazy thoughts of reasoning man
Through all the windings of each looming plan.
How on blest Poetry He put His seal,
Through natural things Truth's lessons to reveal.
There, how He stoops His teaching to adapt,
In emblems where His great design, tho' wrapt
In mystery, still meets His creature's need,
As in the parable of sowing seed,
The fruitlessness of man's unaided toil,
He shows in varied aspects of the soil ;
And thus He proves that grace alone can mould
The heart, that seeds of truth may there unfold.
"Ye are God's husbandry"—a kindred strain
Flows from His servant's lips in language plain.
"God's building are ye," and each lively stone
Is cut and polish'd by His hand alone ;
In stewardship, in warfare, in the race,
Are vivid pictures of the work of grace.
Poesy's silvery voice is heard afar
Ushering in "the Bright and Morning Star,"
And in the page of the Prophetic Word
Her whispers from the Tree of Life are heard :
She fills the glorious future with the light
Which she from Truth, e'en in the darkest night
Of earth's past history, reflected wide
As from a beacon o'er the furious tide,
Both east and west, and in immortal youth
She still must flourish by the side of Truth.

SECTION VII.

All Things of God.

1 Corinthians xi. 12.
Viewed in connection with 2 Cor. v. 18, and Ephesians i. 22, 23.
Rev. iv. 11.

Oh for the spirit of a little child,
Who greets an outlet from a labyrinth,
Lovingly t' embrace the declaration
Of a truth which 'tis beyond the compass
Of the human intellect, th' acumen
Of the loftiest mind, to analyze
In God's own light. This comprehensive truth
May bring before the mental vision tracks,
Wherein Philosphy expatiates—
Where her disciples oft have missed their way ;
Or, through the wildering paths of farthest space,
A soaring genius it may stimulate
T' excursive thought, from aberration oft,
Alas, not free : well is it here to pause,
That man may feel th' Eternal One is both
Far off, and nigh, encompassing his path,
And whispering in the breeze of morn and eve,
"All things of God." Crowded with witnesses

In constellations, planets, satellites,
The heavens proclaim this truth to every land;
And, earth itself, an elementary book
Of God's perfections frequently might prove.
Within this corner of the universe
How vast are the materials for thought,
While plastic nature owns on every side
The finger of Divine Intelligence,*
Moulding alike each planet and fixed star,
The glow-worm in the shade, and crumbling moth,
Each in its place to witness unto Him,
The great "I AM," e'en "God made manifest
In flesh," the "Head o'er all things to His Church,"
Through this and every age. "In Him all things
Consist." † Then, whether in the firmament,
Or in the structure of a fragile flower,
Or on the map of Providence, the wheels
Of which are under His control,
His workmanship be reverently traced,
All links of one vast plan those types appear;
And they attest "All is of God *in Christ*."
He to His Church is Wisdom, and of old,
Before the earth was formed, those genial rays
Which quickened every seed of flower or fruit,
Diverged from Him, in Him concentric, e'er
From age to age, should lead her back
To their bright focus, Him "the First and Last,"
The key-stone of Creation's glorious arch.
How Truth and Grace, which shed a halo round
Immanuel ‡ as the light of life to men,

* Rom. i. 20. † Col. i. 17. ‡ John i. 17.

Serenely in the Eternal Purpose shine,
Opposed to that mutation, day by day,
Felt in the solar orb, and strongly marked
When at each solstice, visibly he turns;
Or when at noon, falling in different ways,
In various climes, shadows obscure his beams.
Wisdom, unchangeable in Godhead, Light
Essential to the Father, and the Son,
Is treasured up in Christ; and by His word
And Spirit e'er replenish'd is His Church:
This Wisdom from above, th' enlight'ning beam
Wherein no mote is found, who does not lack?
To know, to feel it is the need of man,
So prone on self-imagin'd strength to lean.
Exhaustless stores of knowledge are in Christ,*
And freely, there the thirsty soul may drink;
The spirit of the mind is thence transformed,
Mist is dispell'd, and even natural things
In a new light are seen; science and art
Become subservient to knowing God
In Christ, to peace and joy, which flow from faith;
By faith is hope sustained, for faith supplies
Unclouded evidence of things not seen,
And these are all of Him. He gives His Church
A field with upper and with nether springs,
"Riches of Grace," "riches in Glory," too,
Form her inheritance in "things of God."
As in the solar system, central light
Has vitalizing power unknown, unfelt,
In Luna's thence-derived and feebler rays,

* Colos. ii. 3.

With th' aggregated lustre of the stars
Which stud the vaulted roof of winter skies,
So, mid research throughout th' external world,
The world of matter, or the world of Mind,
Each penetrating and diffusive beam
Which, in God's Word and works, affects the soul,
Transcends th' achievements of all science, art,
And genius, oft alas, from God estranged.
Through heaven's lattice, learn from a little child
To gaze, with profit, on the brilliant stars.
Many a master of Theology
Might blush before her beautiful idea,
"They went in full, and brighter came out again—
Have they been looking at the face of Christ?"
Here, surely, is the secret of more light,
More fellowship with Him, the Light of Life;
And she must oft have heard that "God is love."
Within her heart the love of Christ, like dew
Of eve, had oft distill'd, and nourished thought
For riper years, so radiant with Truth.
  Light, the forerunner of created good,
Invests with beauty individual forms
In each department of the external world;
But though arrangement, order there prevail,
Variety interminable proves;
And not by wading through nomenclatures
Of science, in a genus or a class,
Or e'en by diligent analysis,
To find out chemical affinity
Between the things which God has made to blend,
Are students sure at certainty to arrive
Concerning such relations, and their cause,

Or the completeness and the unity
Which first prevailed in the Divine Idea.
Where but in the history God vouchsafed,
Can man perceive the source and origin
Of individual life in blade or flower,
Along with wise provision of fine tubes,
And cells, and adaptation, so precise,
So delicate? Though such a world of charms
The microscope has brought before the mind,
Ne'er was primeval organism explained;
Apart from God, man no solution finds
Of Wisdom's secrets in the heights or depths
Of natural things. The Scriptures intimate
A moral end, e'en in the perviousness
Of fresh-mown grass to rain and gentle dew;
And Lydia's reception of the word
Resemblance bears; a mirror, too, of man
"The flower of the field" has ever been;
And in its dial how is he forewarn'd
Each moment to redeem, before the scythe
Its tender form cuts down. To multitudes
The well known simile is powerless;
Through the delirium of worldly mirth,
Or thronging cares, the bustle and the whirl
Of active life, who in "the flower of the field"
Their image see? The little child alone,
In all its sport with daisies, butter-cups,
And violets, betrays a natural,
Unconscious, and innate affinity
With lineaments so strangely like its own:
And its simplicity excludes all doubt
Of its Creator having made the flowers

From these it may infer "all things of God!"
And oft may Jesus speak here to the hearts
Of little ones, detaching from this world
The thready fibrous root, that it may strike
In His own garden. Oh for a child-like faith,
To "understand that by the Word of God
The worlds were framed," * and Christ all things upholds.
Through the unaided reasonings of man,
There is no solution of the mystery
Of being, or expansion of each part,
Or of the final process of decay
Which must give place to resurrection life,
Dependent, in the grain sown in the earth,
On the extinction of its vital power: †
And to the casuist, the pride-abasing,
The absorbing, thund'ring, silencing reply
"All things of God," in CHRIST, "the Light of Life,"
Through heights unscaled, from depths unfathom'd, rings.
Though, "at sundry times, in divers manners,
God to the fathers by the prophets spake,"
And He, more fully in these latter days,
"Hath spoken by his Son," the Scriptures show
That miracles were wrought before the eyes
Of wond'ring men by Christ, the Messenger,
Th' Angel of the Covenant. None but He,
As always One in th' indivisible
Elohim, could have given expression
To th' Arcana of the LORD, His wise acts

* *Heb.* i. 2. xi. 3. † John xii. 24. 1 Cor. xv. 36.

To vindicate, when from the Temanite
Counsel perished, and from the prudent ones
Wisdom came to nought at the LORD'S rebuke
Concerning Job, since they had so obscured
Divine perfections. This sublimated, grand,
Authoritative argument which bears
A stamp divine; this wondrous, matchless scroll
To man unfolded from remotest time,
With lightning-flash in thundering appeal,
Which thrill'd the awakened understanding
Of th' afflicted patriarch, crushing self,
More than a temporary end embraced,
And for all generations was designed,
What is high t' abase, what is low t' exalt,
The pride of human glorying to stain,
And man's erroneous thoughts to rectify.
Mightier far than inundating torrents
And the vehement current of the floods
Familiar in Arabia, is the force
Of language, and of metaphor employed
T' express the range of that intelligence
Which made, and e'er controls th' external world:
Hereon as with a sunbeam is inscribed
"ALL THINGS OF GOD." Out of the whirlwind, hark!*
Elohim says, "where wast thou when I laid
The earth's foundations, and upon it stretched
The measuring line—who laid the corner-stone
Thereof? When morning stars together sang
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?"
"Who shut up the sea with doors when it broke forth;

* Job. xxxviii. 4—11.

Its place decreed and there set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, and here
Shall thy proud waves be stayed?" Hearken, the
Word,
The well beloved of the Father, speaks—
He, who of God is Wisdom to His Church,
"Called Wonderful, Counsellor,"* He declares
"Counsel is mine, I have understanding,†
Wisdom, strength; and those that love me
Substance shall inherit, and their treasures
I will fill." Hark! "I, from everlasting
Was set up; before the hills or fountains,
In the beginning of His way, the LORD
Possessed me: ere He had made th' earth,
When He prepared the heavens I was there,
When the fountains of the deep He strengthened,
When to the sea He uttered His decree
The waters should not His commandment pass;
When He appointed the foundations
Of the earth, then I was by Him, daily
His delight rejoicing in its habitable parts,
And my delights were with the sons of men.
Now, O ye children, hearken unto me;
Blessed are they that keep my ways; whoso
Findeth me, finds life!" Is not this the Christ,
Whose accents fell upon weak woman's heart,
Like the small rain upon the tender herb,
As wearied once He sat on Jacob's well?
Yes, Christ the Saviour, and the sinner's Friend,
Anticipates His mission on the earth;

* Is. ix. 6. † Prov. viii. 14, 21, &c.

Mary, Martha, Lazarus, how He loved;
He was their friend and condescending guest:
Deep is "the mystery of godliness,
God manifest in flesh;" yet here, behold
How His "delights were with the sons of men!"
Through Gentile Galilee's despised coast,
When in the power of the Spirit, lo,
In Nazareth, and in its synagogue,
"As He was wont, He stood up for to read:"
And from His lowly birth place He emerg'd,
How all the region round about beheld
The lustre of His Godhead. Blessed morn!
When "through the tender mercy of our God
The Day-spring from on High thus visited
People that sat in darkness and in shades
Of death." Then, from the ancient prophecies
Did He choose th' enrapturing, glowing pictures
Of complete dominion o'er all nations,
As the crown'd King of Kings, and Lord of Lords?
No; here is Jesus; "the man of sorrows,"
"Touch'd with the feeling of infirmities,"
And griefs all which he bare, with sicknesses
Which no physician but Himself could heal:
'Twas to the poor, the broken-hearted ones,
The captive, and the blind, whose mental eye
Was closed, that He, th' anointed One of God,
The Gospel preached. To Capernaum, Nain,
And to Samaria, go; and through the coasts
Of all Judea, with the multitude
Who throng'd His path of mercy, follow Him,
And mark how all things fell within the range
Of His omniscience, and His power owned.

And oh, what precious memories are linked
With the loved haunts, the quiet resting-place
Of Bethany. How 'mid His little flock
He tarried, leaving tokens of His love
Sealed on their hearts; and where but on that spot
Could they expect to catch the parting words,
The farewell blessing, the last beamy look
Of their Redeemer? Linger well they might,
"Gazing up into Heaven" with longing hearts.
How great th' event, how quiet all around!
There, no escort of wingéd Cherubim,
No whirlwind, fiery wheels, or lightning-flash
Announced His glorious flight: only "*a cloud
Received Him;*" this was the chariot chosen
By the Lord of Life—the bright, blue æther
Cleaving, 'twas thus He vanish'd from their sight.
They worshipp'd Him, and with great joy, straightway,
His word obeying, "to Jerusalem
Returned." Surely the angel's words sank deep
In those bereaved hearts, or why that joy?
Oh "*in like manner*" *He would* "*come again;*"
If not, He ne'er had expectations raised
Of mansions, of a place prepared for them,
That with Him e'er His followers might dwell.
"All things of God," *in Christ*, within the veil
Now are; but Godhead manifest in all,
Above all, is to burst upon the sight
Of myriads, each radiant with the beams
Emitted from the mediatorial throne.
Meanwhile the gathering of gems to form
His diadem, must through the ministry.

Of reconciliation still progress;
And by His Spirit, while the sceptre, He,
As Governor of the Universe, still wields,
He in each portion of His household reigns
Supremely; reason, intellect He rules,
And o'er imagination's wide domain,
He will, in minds with special culture blest,
Combined with the renewal of the heart,
Alone preside. The memory e'er will aid
Th' understanding, which, with anointed eyes,
Like a conservatory may become
For knowledge that redounds most to His praise.
Minds of this mould form, in the aggregate,
A superstructure in the Church of Christ,
Which 'mid the wrecks of human intellect,
In leading features, may be symbolized
By the famed Western Lighthouse, Eddystone;
Firm as the mighty rock on which 'tis based,
Thence the brow-beaten, lashing, whirling waves
Are driven back into a madden'd sea;
The rolling billows, sweeping up the sides
Of this stupendous structure, rear themselves
In one grand column more than twice its height;
And then in arch-like cataract of spray,
And glist'ning, wreathy foam, they gracefully
Break o'er the summit of the edifice,
Enveloping the whole; e'en as its type
The oak, enwrapp'd in falling snow, appears.
The architect's original idea,
Drawn from the trunk or column of an oak,
Embodying permanent utility,
With an effect so simple and sublime,

There, beauteous nature faithfully conveys
To the observant and responsive mind.
The inscription on the granite cornice *
Of this majestic masterpiece of skill,
Crowned with success and blessing from on high,
Upon the grave of its forerunners raised,
Bears witness in the storm, by day and night,
To human impotence, and echoes far
This great foundation truth, "ALL THINGS OF GOD."
But most when tossed on waves 'neath starless sky,
When hope is by defying winds nigh quench'd,
Men there might learn, "Safety is of the Lord."

Eddystone Lighthouse! trophy of genius,
Monument of persevering labour,
Let "Ebenezer" to the Architect
Of heaven and earth be graved upon thy walls.
For ev'ry lighthouse on our rocky coast,
For skill to navigate surrounding seas,
For every life-boat launch'd 'mid rending storm,
And mann'd by energetic, willing men,
With hearts of oak for grappling with the waves,
"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,
But to Thy name give glory!" Wisdom's voice
Is in the well-mann'd life-boat, lifted up
To an ungodly world, nor less to those
Who, for peace and safety, are reposing
In the bosom of a professing Church,
In union with the State, or in a sect
From bigotry and pride not less exempt.

* Psalm cxxvii. 1. "Except the Lord build," &c.

Ah, to the storm-beat vessel, driven on rocks,
With loosen'd tackling, and with reeling masts,
Will conscience-stricken passengers still cling?
Thence to the life-boat of the Gospel, flee ;—
Into the Ark which shall outride the flood
Of coming wrath, awaken'd sinners, flee !
Angels are looking on—they who beheld,
Of old, the fugitive from the death-stroke
Of the pursuer, hasten to the place
Of refuge—they who first pronounc'd that name
Whereby alone the sinner can be saved—*
They look with delight upon the life-boat
Of the Gospel mann'd by ambassadors
Of peace ; Christ is the steersman, Heaven the port :
In the *pure Scriptures only*, will ye find
The chart, the compass or the polar star.

Eddystone Lighthouse! Not through outward sense
But through description, far as words can paint,
Thy features rise before the mental eye,
Now on thee rivetted, with strong desire
T' embalm thy name and memory in verse,
Subservient to the interests of truth.
Imagination, like an optic glass,
Mirrors afar the lofty lantern's blaze,
Through reflectors, silver'd, parabolic,
Gloriously diffused ; while a clear stream
Of wavy light, vanishing gradually,
Marks out the pilot's track off frowning rocks,
And dimples ocean's face with radiant smiles.

* Acts iv. 12.

Hail intellect, enlighten'd from above,
Beaming with knowledge, and the grace of Christ:
Hail in Great Britain, and our sister isle,
Those luminaries of the present age,
With precious reminiscences of all,
Who, gone before, yet to survivors speak.
Hail bright reflectors of God's precious Truth,
That, o'er the sea of times so perilous,
Unitedly are shedding the full glow
Of central light, from Him alone derived.
All things of God imply all things in Christ;
All the diversity of gifts required
By pastors, teachers, and evangelists,
For planting, watering of God's husbandry,
He purchased for His church, and freely gave
When He ascended up on high, that He
All things might fill. The church, God's workmanship,
Created in Christ Jesus, the First-born,
The First-begotten from the dead, must show
The power of resurrection-life in Him;
In th' exercise of grace so manifold
How like "a city set upon a hill."
The current of eventful times can ne'er
Her light extinguish, or her base disturb;
Apart from gifted members who are like
Yon lighthouse, as God's building, in the Church
Are vessels great and small for service meet:
The end of all things is at hand. Blest end
To those who stand fast in the grace of God.

SEQUEL.

Upon the height of lofty argument,
Above the graduated scale of power
Comprised in all derived intelligence,
Truth, on her ensign, rear'd towards the skies,
Once wrote these living words, with light suffused,
"All things of God." This, like a frontlet bound
Upon the face of worn and withering Time,
Her enemies must mark; but few will heed
The faithful watchman's signal from his tower,
The trumpet giving no uncertain sound
To the way-faring men who knowledge seek,
E'er running to and fro; and only here
And there, a little band supplied with oil
In vessels for their lamps, and girt with Truth,
As waiting for the coming of their Lord,
Upon an isthmus standing, apprehend
The line of demarcation, visible
Between the vast peninsula of facts,

Which crowd the annals of the oblivious past,
And the unmeasured range of prophecy
Yet unfulfilled, that like th' unfathom'd Deep
Before them lies. Valiant for Truth, some e'en
Unmask things *not* of God, and can foresee
The judgments coming that will sift the aims,
Th' inventions, and the works of evil men;
For, "what is chaff to wheat?" Here love and truth
Combine to act a faithful part within
Their sphere, though circumscribed. How beautiful
A "wise reprover on an obedient ear!" *
Oh, 'tis an ornament in Christian life,
In social intercourse too rarely found;
Yet to each purpose under heaven there is
A season, and "a time both to break down
And to build up;" for "silence" there's a time;
And there's "a time to speak;" to speak "the truth
In love," to "save with fear," and "*out of fire*"
The brand to pluck. Lo, "the end of all things
Is at hand," and wherefore are we lukewarm,
Fearing results, if faithful to our Lord?
A mighty current rushes through all lands;
Rumour on rumour eddies nigh the shore
Of British realms, and both in private life
And in high places, in the seats of power,
There lurks a thrilling, deep presentimen
Of innovations that might soon o'erturn,
But not improve the present course of things:
The plans of statesmen immature and new,
The people's strivings, and the clash of arms

* Prov. xxv. 12.

On continental shores, prevailing oft
Above the cry for unity and peace,
The signs of democratic anarchy—
All are portentous and significant;
And harmonise with the prophetic Word
Radiant with Inspiration's unctuous beam
Which through the darkness shines. The end is near;
The end of all the dire vicissitudes
Which e'er have cast their shadows on the earth,
And o'er the path of individual life;
The end of human policy, of schemes
With "pleasant pictures," and with promise filled,
Approaches, and "the Judge is at the door."
Meanwhile how "slow to anger is the Lord;"
How great is that long-suffering which leads
Men to repentance; and deliverance,
Salvation* in the evil day, provides.
External things a smiling aspect wear:
In fruitful seasons, in the useful arts,
The spread of commerce and of literature,
And in the Church the increase of labourers,
With numerous appliances for good—
All tend to smooth the paths of human life:
To progress and improvement men will cling
Amid th' increase of crime, effrontery,
And opposition to God's blesséd Word:
What need of "understanding of the times!" †
In days of Gospel light, gross darkness seems
Most visible; for though on Sovereign power
Frail man's dependence is more fully proved
E'en through the novel agencies employed,

* 2 Peter iii. 15. † 1 Chron. xii. 32, 33.

A fable, or a myth, things *not* of God,
The atheist has daringly assumed:
And e'en the light which ancient heathens had,
He must deliberately contradict:
In the display of God's beneficence
They could discern, at least, Divinity
Pervading all creation organiz'd
And put in motion. "We are His offspring,"
As the Apostle shows, a poet wrote,
And after greater things philosophers
Aspired, if haply the immediate source
Of immortality, by further search,
They e'er could ascertain. All things of God—
The one eternal self-existent Power,
Jehovah, Jesus, His great works declare. *
His glory through the stars a child can see;
But if man's fancied cause of natural things—
If Chance can be a god, why for himself
Not let him plead? Whether at Brahma's shrine,
Or at the fane of Attic literature
The sceptic bows, he wilfully ignores
The rightful Governor of the Universe;
Before Creation, and Redemption work,
He, Satan's lie and Satan's yoke prefers.

All things of God! Oh man, degenerate man,
Have pity on thyself ere thou attempt
To blot the Sun from yonder genial skies;
For this thy condemnation will procure,

* John i. 1—3.

If God's revealéd word thou still shalt spurn:
What blindness to reject this glorious truth!
'Tis writ in characters of burnish'd gold
On things familiar from thine infancy,
To meet the eye and ear, and touch the spring
Of thought, and stir the dormant energies
Of cold and thankless hearts. Birds of the air
Reproach thee, in their joyous matin lays
Their Maker praising for the early buds,
The signs of fruitfulness. Sun, moon, and stars,
The rain and dew, the cattle on the hills,
The valleys thick with corn, all thee reprove;
Ocean lifts up his voice thee to rebuke;
As once a Danish king to courtiers proved:
Man's utter impotency waves proclaim,
And God's prerogative to fix the bounds
Of human agency is magnified;
In billowy swell, and in unruffled flow,
The Deep its witness eloquently bears
To this absorbing truth, "All things of God;"
And in full chorus, winds and waves His word
Obeying, by a storm to arrest the course
Of one who from His presence strove to flee,*
And by a calm,† Christ's weak disciples' hearts
T' assure, all echo and reverberate
Jehovah—Christ is here. Shall Scepticism
Audience demand while muttering base
Unworthy thoughts of the Eternal Godhead?
Shall they who rob Christ of His Deity,
The demonstrations drawn from Nature spurn,

* Jonah i. 3, 4. † Mark iv. 39.

And blindly mingle error with the Truth
In all He said, and wrought while here below?
The mazy rhetoric of th' infidel
May captivate the untrained and vacant mind,
Open to wily and enticing words,
And reasonings which serve as sliding planes.
Ah, its ten thousands infidelity
Has slain, through the wild gourds upon the vine
Sprung up within th' unfenced, extended field
Of poisonous literature; in vain the cry
"Death in the pot!" A miracle of grace
Are they who thence return, the bread from heaven
To eat, the living streams of Truth to drink
And live for ever. Th' idle, wavering soul
The strong man makes his prey; in coteries,
In polished circles, how is the porcelain
Finely turned upon the wheel, degraded
In the abuse and waste of intellect
And mental culture: there the Atropus clings,
And there, "the strong man keeps his goods in peace,"
Until a stronger shall his armour take,
And spoil those faculties, those reasons rend,
Wherein his boasted energy consists.

Hush—silence keep—God uttereth His thoughts:—
"The morn hast thou commanded since thy days,
The day-spring hast thou caused to know his place,
That thou couldst pre-dispose thy steps thereby
Thy plans to execute? Or canst thou thus
The means provide, the wicked to expel?
Into the mazes of the sea hast thou
An entrance found, or searched its unknown depth?

How is the light distributed—its path
And its velocity canst thou discern?
Whence is the Samoom, which devastation
Scatters on the earth, and is its scourge?
Hath the rain a father?—the drops of dew
Who hath begotten? who hath ice conceived?—
Hoary frost of heaven who hath gendered?
Will the sweet influences of Pleiades
Thy word obey, t' accelerate the spring;
Or can'st thou the attractions of Orion
Vary, th' approach of winter to control?
Thy voice can'st thou lift to the clouds for rain,
The thirsty ground to water, plenteously?
Or can'st thou lightnings send that they may go
And say to thee, we're here! In th' inward parts
Who hath wisdom put, or understanding
Who to the heart hath given? Heaven's bottles
Who can hinder, when dust consolidates
And clods like stones have grown and cleave so fast?
Wilt thou for the lion hunt the prey,
Or th' appetite of the young lions fill?
Who for the raven and his young provides
When unto God these cry? Who the wild ass
Sent out free? He rangeth o'er the mountains—
The driver's crying he regardeth not,
And searcheth after every green thing.
In th' unicorn's great strength wilt thou confide?
The goodly wings of peacocks hast thou given?
Whence in the ostrich such rapidity
Of flight? Thereby she, like the hind, escapes
Pursuit, and both the horse and rider scorns.
Hast thou given to the horse his strength, and clothed

His neck with fury for the battle-field?
Dost thou make him like the springing locust?
With glared, flashing eye—with steaming nostrils,
How he mocks at fear, glorying in his might!
He paweth in the valley, rushing on
To meet the arméd men, and from the sword
He turns not back, nor from the glittering spear
And shield—the quiver against him rattles:
In his courageous and impetuous course
He drinketh up the earth—in the twinkling
Of an eye he clears th' intermediate space.
He saith among the trumpets' blast, Ha, ha:
And he the battle smelleth afar off—
The thunder of the captains, and the shout.*
  Doth the hawk or eagle by thy wisdom
Stretch the wing? On the rock impregnable,
Upon the craggy rock the eagle dwells;
From thence she seeks her prey, her eyes behold
Far off, and where the slain are, there is she.†

* * * * * *

For th' interpretation of that Proverb
Hearken to One who only could foresee
The sequence of events, the rise and fall
Of dynasties, the unparallel'd "distress
Of nations," ere this dispensation ends.
In secret places weeping, are there none

* A few hints have been derived from a "Commentary on the Book of Job," by Dr. Samuel Lee, Regius Professor of Hebrew at the University of Cambridge.

† Matt. xxiv. 3—28; Luke xvii. 20—37.

To mourn the potter's vessel, in that day
Shattered and marred?* Ah, painful is the task
With faithfulness to draw aside the veil,
Which few will raise though 'tis to warn, betimes,
The unbelieving and impenitent.
Who will the word of exhortation heed?
"Produce your cause," saith God, and "show
The former things, or things to come declare,
That we may know that ye are gods;—ye are
Of nothing, and your work "a thing of nought."†
"All things of God"—all things in heaven and earth,
God our Father purposed He would gather
Into one in Christ: All things *not* of God
Are out of Him—outside creation cast.
Behold the sickle thrust into the earth,
The vine of Sodom and its bitter grapes ‡
Utterly to consume. Their latter end
Do *they* consider who the Spirit's work
Can counterfeit? Shall this impede the tide
Of infidelity, or rectify
Th' oblique perverted judgment of the world,
Whose wisdom hinders them from knowing God?
What is a vision out of man's own heart,
And what will be the end of Antichrist
In any form? What shall it profit those
Who round the standard of the infidel
Would rally, rather than round the Cross,
Its magnetism to prove *in their own hearts?*
Upon a chosen area he lifts
His puny arm, with impious intent

* Ps. ii. 9; Rev. ii. 27. † Isa. xli. 21—26; Jer. xiv. 14.
‡ Deut. xxxii. 32.

To dash or smear the perfect optic-glass
Of heavenly wisdom, God's revealéd mind.
Far from the murky atmosphere of praise
For erudition, or for eloquence,
What are the feelings of such orators,
In solitude? Is conscience quite benumbed
Before the testimony of God's works,
Deaf to the heavenly charmer's voice, e'en there,
Throughout the seasons telling him the truth
Reflected from that Book which he contemns?
Responsive are those works, so marvellous;
But ice-bound is the heart which wilfully
The darkness loves. Ah, in what gloomy cave,
In what impenetrable, rayless hold,
From what sulphureous crater came a form
So hideous as infidelity?
Faithless to natural conscience, reason,
Common sense, and oft to glimmering rays
Which stole upon the mind in infancy,
From childhood up to youth, the sceptic stands
Without excuse before the universe;
And in this beauteous, redeeméd earth,
How dark the blot, how wide the chasm by him
There introduced. What a polluted stream
Flows hence. It issues from beneath, its source
Is One cast out of heaven, who, to dethrone
His great Creator strove. For man, beguiled
By him, redeeming, pardoning grace was found;
But human nature early gave full proof
Of baneful impress from Truth's counterfeit
Upon those faculties, where still darker
Grew the mark of sev'rance 'tween God's servants

And th' unregenerate who serve Him not.
"Resist the devil," *now; now*, with the sword
From God's own armoury, oh, tempted one,
Repel the first surmising, by the foe
Design'd t' entrap, and to destroy thy soul:
The fine spun web of specious argument
Oh quickly brush away; for often there,
'Mong the cedars, or in towering rock,
He his nest has built, and has many lured
To seek a hiding-place where God is not.
The vulture hovers o'er thy path, though ne'er
The shaft of heavenly Wisdom's precious mine
His eye hath seen: rather, within its range
Things not of God, denial of His Truth,
The winding byways of the carnal heart,
The paths which lead down to the central point
Of misery and woe, the bird of prey,
E'en man's great adversary, kens afar.

The things of men, not things of God, soon filled
The heart from Him withdrawn, and in the sphere
Of oriental learning, errors crept,
Adulterating the pure oracles
Of God, and leavening the rites and creeds
Of the professing Church. In every age
How grievous the perversion of those gifts
So liberally distributed 'mong men
By the unchanging Author of all good.
On Bezaleel and on Aholiab,
And all who for the tabernacle wrought
God put his Spirit; and with wisdom filled,

They had the witness in themselves that skill
For cunning works, and beautiful device,
Was His free gift, and might be sanctified,
And for His glory used : but how have men
Forgotten this great end ; rarely is genius
Dedicated to the Lord, or talents used
With single eye and aim : yet what hast thou
That thou hast not received ? Then, humbly, use
The gifts in which thou others dost excel.
Oh sweet and pleasant as the light, is power
To express conceptions, and to analyze,
To mould, construct, and to combine ideas ;
But through the chisel in the sculptor's hand,
And through th' engraver's and the painter's art,
Scarce less than in the spangled sibylline leaves
Which fascinate the lovers of romance,
What outrage to decorum e'en is done,
How shocked are natural sensibilities
Concerning right and wrong in social life :
Others beguiled by genius have been snared,
And the high standard of true godliness,
Or e'en of moral worth, have at its shrine
Been sacrificed. Through many inventions,
Cultivated minds have left the Fount of Truth,
And " hewn out broken cisterns which could hold
No water." Beauty in Truth *they* see not,
Who have aim'd t' ignore *the fairest picture*
In the pure model for all history,
Th' untarnished faithful mirror, given to one
Who saw the panorama of the earth
Beneath th' illumined orrery of heaven.
That rich Mosaic of the teeming earth,

That bosom treasure of the patriarchs
Was graciously preserved beyond the flood,
And near six thousand years has fallen man
Been taught, in th external world, to own
"All things of God." Experience still proclaims
A truth which permeates the clods of earth,
And should arrest th' agriculturist's eye,
As o'er the tracks where he has cast the seed,
He turns an eager look, and the first sign
Of verdure hails. Here is the hand of God,
Though as a mole recoiling from the light,
The hearts of those who till the arid ground
Remain impervious to this genial truth.
Forethought and ingenuity 'mong men,
For the construction of those implements
Which lessen rugged toil in husbandry;
The skill of engineers, th' appliances
Of science, and of art, are not o'erlooked;
For diligence will earn its own reward,
And human works of any magnitude
Ne'er fail to draw forth praise. But few are they,
Who, with the Hebrew bard, lift up their eyes
Above the grovelling pursuits of earth;
There, the grand architecture of the heavens
To consider, and to adore Jehovah's attributes;
And fewer still connect man's useful works,
Or a successful enterprise in Art,
With th' o'erruling hand which superintends
The action of the elements on things,
That, but for God's free gift of reasoning power,
Combined with natural inventive skill,
He without fear of damage to himself,

Could scarcely touch ; God is not in their thoughts ;
Therefore in judgment He speaks once, yea twice,
That all the earth may know that power belongs
To him alone, to seal upon their hearts
This weighty truth, " ALL THINGS OF GOD ! "

Oh that the Spirit of the Living God,
Who the heavens hath garnish'd, and who freely
Pours down streams of mercy, light dispensing
To th' evil and the good, might now illume
The chambers of thy mind, thy fetters loose
Whoe'er thou art that may'st these lines peruse
And hast not yet discern'd "All things of God."
Wisdom, Power, Intelligence, in Christ
Concentre, and if man believe in God,
He must " believe *in Him whom He hath sent.*"
Apart from Christ what does the soul possess ?
How oft its wealth in worldly wisdom proves
Its poverty. Unreasonable is man,
The Light, the Fount of Wisdom, to reject—
Oft, has not intellect the most refined
Been like the maniac, who thinks himself
A monarch, and, in frenzied moments, dreams
That bands and prison garments are the robes
Of regal state ? Shall immortality
In Christ, "the Way, the Truth, the Light of Life,"
Through human fallacies be so obscured ?
With seeing, hearing, never satisfied,
Minds, for investigation form'd, remain,
Apart from Christ, toss'd on the troubled waves
Of dark perplexity. Oh dear reader,

Not by unrelenting, crushing justice,
But by th' abundant mercy of the LORD,
Which, like the costliest gem within a ring,
Shines in the circle of His attributes,
One, now, would plead with thee the priceless worth
Of thy immortal soul, weigh'd in Christ's scale.
Oh that *things not of God* might be expell'd
From the recesses of thy grovelling heart:
And in the place of reason deified
In that barred fortress may Truth entrance find;
In Jesus, with the rainbow round His Throne,
Believing, thou must own "All things of God!"

ALL THINGS OF GOD! Here, we the summit reach,
Here is the culminating point of Power
Given by th' Eternal Father unto Christ,*
The second Adam, the Lord of Angels
And of men redeem'd. From power in the heads
Of families, and powers ordained by God
To stem the rapid course of moral ill;
From all subordinating exercise
Of man's authority in social life,
To constitutional, and regal power,
All emanates from Christ th' appointed Heir,
By whom Elohim made the worlds;
And who, upholding all things by His word,
Sat down at the right hand of the Most High;
That as Melchizedek † pre-eminence
In all things He might have. He, the Living,
In the written Word, testified of God;
"The Son the Father loveth, and hath given

* Mat. xxviii. 18 † Zech. vi. 12, 13; Heb. v. 10.

Into His hand all things." The excellence,
The beauty which man every where beholds,
The working of God's hand in Providence,
Including miracles in former times;
The mystery of Redemption and of Grace;
All that has been revealed t'apostate man,
In type, in vision, and through Prophecy,
In their exhaustless details, all these things
With Jesus are inseparably linked.
The key-note of the everlasting songs,
Jointly to burst from Jews' and Gentiles' lips;
From all who are united "in the Lord;"
To be re-echoed through Heaven's firmament
By angels and archangels, may be this—
"ALL THINGS OF GOD," in CHRIST the "Lord of all."*

* Acts x. 36—43.

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